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5.18—810 FANE (Mildmay, Earl of Westmoreland) OTIA SACRA, Optima
Fides Fidei, engraved title or frontispiece by Marshall
3435
g.
VERY RARE, CHOICE COPY, purple morocco, gilt edges.
Richard Cotes, 1648

* * The present is a remarkable and almost unique copy of this collection of Poems, printed by the noble Author for presents among his friends. Between pages 34 and 35 are two additional leaves, and after page 70 a folding table, which are not known to exist in any other copy but that in the library of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford—see manuscript note by Mr. Gardner at the end.

OTIA SACRA

Optima

Fides

Fidei

W.M. sculpsit

Deus nobis hæc Otia fecit. Virg:

London Printed by Richard Cotes. 1648 .



77
Columna Fidei.

OUR Senses are bewitch'd, and seem to grow
So to the Creature, and on things below,
That all our busied Fancy can devise,
Serves more to sink them, than to make them rise:
For out of sight and minde, at once agree
To blind-fold Nature from Eternitie;
And leave her groveling, for to groap her way
Here in This Transitory bed of Clay,
Till Faith steps in; and in the stead of wings,
Unto Beleef, a lofty Pillar brings,
Whereby we should be raised up; And thus
Ascend to Him, descended once for Us.

KAPATAINΩΣTHZ.

On the Title Page.

There is a Fowle wont hide its head,
To Passe so undiscovered:
Judging it self exempt from eyes
Of others, whilst it none descryes.
Not much unlike are such to these,
Who commit Closet-trespases
And Chamber-dalliance; and then
Goe for unseen, 'cause so of Men.
If They my Pillars top attain,
They'l finde an eye tryes heart and rein:
But Natures Pur-blinde sight short is;
Nor can she rise alone to this,
Till Grace assist, which will such vertue yield,
As both t'ascend the Pillar, gain this Shield.



OTIA SACRA.

Ad Libellum suum.

COE without Dedication, for that might
 Imply I sought to Shelter what I write
 Under some Patronage: I can afford
 None Sharers in this Offering with my Lord:
 His are both Line and Leisure, which mis-spent,
 The fault lyes on th' unhappy Instrument
 That should improve both better: But 'tis done,
 And Thy fate is decree'd, thy woof is spun;
 Censure must passe: Yet Blush not since thy Strings
 Are onely consonant with holy things.

Ad Viatorem.

*Numina, non Nummos, Me dum cernis Meditantem,
 Et Me-ditantem crede (Viator) habes.*



In Unitate Trinitas.

That Number 'bove the rest,
 For ever Blest,
 Which God Himself doth daign
 To Branch into, yet Re-unites again,
 For as His Prescience could tell
 When Angels fell
 That Man would follow, and there should be One
 Sent for to make Redemption :
 So from our Misery did He Infer
 Th' necessity of a Comforter.
 This doth inspire, That did Create,
 The second did Re^{te}generate :
 Thus though Distinct, They are
 Yet singular,
 And One wise-ever Power it is doth Tie
 This Triple Knot into a Unitie.



Ex Maxima Parte
nondum Vocati.

Mundi { Participes Verbi et
Sacramentorum,
qui fuere vocati
sed nondū electi. } Ad {

Electi, ideoque vo-
cati.

Let me not tread the Broad highway to Sin,
But being Elect declare my Call therein.

Sanctificationem.

Qui propter externam
vocationem Domini per
Verbum, interne & effe-
ctualiter vocantur per
Spiritus Sanctum.

Justificationem.

Grege parvulus Christi,
Luk. 12. 32.

Glorificationem.

Tertia pars Domini, Za-
char. 13. 9.

Seminantur

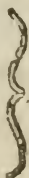
à Deo

Veritas

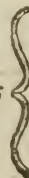
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Amicitia.

Ut Alterutri
prodessemus



Inter Homines



à Diabolo

Mendacium

Discordia

Inimicitia.

Ut Alterutrum
devoremus.

*A Morning Thought.**Psal. 104. 23.*

Sithence it is given
 To Man, to follow's Labor till the Even;
 And when that Star doth close.
 Up Day, then to seek quiet and repose,
 Let Us what's of our Own
 Learn to make known,
 To be
 But so much Cash of purchas'd Misery;
 All else Confess
 (Of Love and Providence) true happiness.

For as our Souls had been
 A Combating all Day with Flesh and Sin,
 And then for Captives led
 In Slumbers Fetters; Prison'd in a Bed.
 So by the Nights Exchange again to Day
 They may
 (Set free) take up their Armes,
 And having overcome those Charmes;
 Boldly Conclude the Victory to keep
 When as they Warr for Him kept them asleep.

No other Ransom Need
 To Speed
 This Liberty; but once awake,
 Into our thoughts to take,
 What such Confinement might
 Administer of Danger in One night,
 And how th'all-wakefull eye
 Provided had for our Delivery;
 Which on the wings of Contemplation rais'd
 Again, w'are Mounted, whilst His name is prais'd.

Psalm 19.

Cæli enarrant Gloriam Dei.

* *The Son of
Blindness in
the Syriac.*

ARe we asleep? or doe we see
No more than did blind * *Bartime*?
Or are our Senses Charm'd to lie
Benumm'd into some Lethargie,
Whilst Sin makes of's a Conquest? Rise
Flesh-buried Soul, and from the Skies
Let thy wing'd thoughts to thee relate
Who 'twas those structures did Create,
Where in Thy Hemisphere at large is pen'd,
More wonder then frail Clay can comprehend.

Whether a Sun, a Moon, a Star,
A Comet or a Meteor,
A Various Bow, true sign of Peace,
Swoln Clouds, which cause on earth increase
When-breaking they Distill; the Glum
And horrid bear of Thunders Drum
We hear or see: Why are these sent?
But t'shew He is Omnipotent,
Who thus in Characters doth write, whereby
We have a Lecture in Divinity.

For as those great and lesser Lights
Distinguish Time by Dayes and Nights;
So was it Day with us untell
Our Disobedient Parents fell.
Yet as the Tincell'd Night gives way
At th' opening o'th' true Golden Day;
So did the powers of Darkness fly,
The Sun of Righteousness being by:
And when we Comet-struck, int' Sin had run,
The Father did redeem us by the Son.

When

When th' Undertaker first did dain
 For to restore His world again,
 He us'd no other lock or sluice
 I'th' Clouds, but sent a Bow of truce.
 What did His Mercy less, when we
 Who are the Worlds Epitome,
 Delug'd in Sin, lay Breathless, Drown'd,
 Untill Our Saviours Pretious Wound

Open'd a Drayn, wherewith he laid us dry,
 From wickedness into fertility?

The Aire imprison'd, fain would try
 The virtue of more Liberty:
 Yet meeting with a tougher Cloud
 Is forc'd to quarrell, and speak loud.
 So if we seek our freedom heer,
 We must no Cloud of Fortune fear:
 But like Bonargeses, proclame
 What we profess, then be the same.

For whilst the Face looks one way, and the Mind
 Another, 'tis like Rain brought against the Wind.

There shall no Thunder-crack, nor dash of wet,
 Prodigious Comet, in us fear beget;
 But the Suns Purple, and the Silver wings
 The Moon puts on, bespeaks us Saints and Kings,
 Whilst Iris Endless Peace, the numerous Lights
 Adorn the Night, discypher all delights:

Which for to seek to compass and obtain,
 He that quits life and all here, makes great Gain.

My Countrey Audit.

Blest Privacie, Happy Retreat, wherein
 I may cast up my Reck'nings, Audit Sin,
 Count o'r my Debts, and how Arrears increase
 In Natures book, towards the God of Peace:
 What through perverseness hath been wav'd, or don
 To My first Covenants contradiction:
 How many promis'd Resolutions broke
 Of keeping touch (almost as soon as spoke.)
 Thus like that Tenant who behind-hand cast,
 Intreats so oft forbearance, till at last
 The sum surmounts his hopes, and then no more
 Expects, but Mercy to strike off the score.
 So here, methinks, I see the Landlords Grace
 Full of Compassion to my drooping Case,
 Bidding me be of comfort, and not griev'd,
 My Rent his Son should pay if I believ'd.

Cui in calamitatibus soli sit fidendum.

When first the Towing Hills, the loftier Pine,
 Exchang'd to ride upon the swelling brine:
 Neptune prepar'd, and with more Active skill
 Grew sometimes in the Vale, sometimes on th' Hill:
 Whilst Floating in a compleat tackle drest,
 She's taught to Sayl from *Cadis* to the East:
 Where *Ganges* runs, and from those coasts being come,
 To steer a course back to *Illyrium*:
 Then was that coward Fear banish'd the Mind
 And Heart of Man, ambitious still to find

Juv. Sat. 10.

More

More worlds and works of wonder, wherein He
Might trace the Greatness of the Deitie.

Hor. Od. 3.

Then as if fortify'd with steel and brass,
Ventur'd his Bottom on this field of glass,

So brickle and unconstant, as contrives
A nearness unto Death, yet with reprove.

A small Gale over-fils the sayls, a leak
Is sprung, in shorter time than I can speak.

Then being o'r-set above, o'r-charg'd beneath,
What can expected be but present Death?

Unless we seek to Him, at whose command

Becalm'd into Obedience, Tempests stand,

Rising when He so pleases, and are gon

When He Planes o'r their rugged Motion :

Whose Power at life's exprest, when weight ascends,

And almost to the Crystall Skie extends :

Psalm 107.

And then again, when Nature on't doth enter,

It is permitted for to wash the Center.

Then are such troubled as on it doe ride,

Rowling and Tottering from side to side,

Being drunk through fear and sorrow; nor can tell

How many Sands shall knowl their Passing-bell.

Thus in a Trance dismay'd, and quite bereft

Of sense, save of a little spark that's left

To kindle hopes, They to their Maker Cry,

Who straight releases them from Misery,

Sending a Calm; whereat the Liquid plain

Becomes to them a Looking-glass again:

So They in mind restor'd, have quick access

Unto the Haven of their Happiness.

My Carroll.

ARise, arise
 Dull Fancy from the bed of Earth,
 And that low strain
 Before thy vain;
 That so thou mayst devise
 Some Record of that famous Birth,
 Which about This time, as our Date will have,
 One Son for All the rest the Father gave.

Leave to the Bee
 To set a Valuation
 On this, or that
 Fair Garden-plat,
 There t' Browse some Flower or Tree:
 And to some Forraign Nation,
 To crown their Annals with the Pelican,
 Or far-fetcht Cordiall, Mirabolan.

Here's Comfort more;
 A gift that's far beyond all worth,
 The Curious mind
 Could ever find
 In what a Plant e'r bore,
 Or Barren wilderness brought forth:
 Sweetness exceeds the Bee's-Bagg, and such Good
 As prov'd our Strong Restorative by's Blood.

To overcome by Contraries.

IN humane things 'tis held a Maxime wise,
 To seek to Overcome by Contraries :
 And in Diviner, if we will express
 Obedience to God, it holds no less ;
 For t'conquer Pride whereby we fell, no Art
 Is comparable to a Contrite-Heart.

To Improve Afflictions.

IF *David* found it good He'd been in Trouble,
 What would it teach Me am a sinfull Bubble ;
 But that th' Afflictions we meet with heer,
 Are sent to Steer Us to our God more neer ?
 Who thus improves his thoughts on things goe cross,
 Without a Riddle, makes Great gains of Loss.

They that sow in Tears, shall reap in Joy.

AS in the Countrey-Parable it's found,
 God's meant by Husbandman, and Man by ground,
 His Word the pretious Seed, that doth excell
 All other grain ; Our hearts the Arable :
 So would't inform We should our soil prepare ,
 To recompence so Great a Seedsmans care ;
 And neither prickt with Pride, stupid like Stones,
 Laid Common to all wicked Motions :
 Be unprovided t'save, much less t'afford
 Increase against the Harvest of the Lord :

Wherefore as Earth 'thout Culture sithence mans fall
 Is of fruits barren, Thistles Prodigall :
 So doe the dispositions and desires
 Nature brings forth, abound with Thorns and Briers ;
 Which to correct, the Masters strict Command
 Is to break up again the Fallow-land.
 And by Contritions Coulter and Plough-shares
 To dress our Minds, furrow our Cheeks with teares
 Of true Repentance. And those thus destroy
 The *Weeds* of Sin, shall surely reap in Joy.

Ascensus Gratiarum, Descensus Gratiarum.

IF there be any Vertue left that can
 Pull Blessings down, 'tis Gratitude in Man ;
 And to be humbly thankfull, that alone
 Makes Him true subject for Compassion.
 All Other Graces as Assistants sit
 Upon the Wool-sacks for to farther it ;
 In representing how the Law concludes
 On Gods Rich Bounties, Our ingratitude :
 So thereupon Impeachment's drawn to show
 Delinquencies, and what He gives, we ow.
 First then unless dejected Care possess
 The Heart and Soul for by-past wickedness,
 And stir up Resolution to become
 Henceforth more righteous, ev'n to Martyrdome :
 In vain it is to hope, or yet surmize
 The acceptation of such Sacrifice
 From Him, whose all-discerning eye doth pierce
 The very Center of the Universe,
 And knows before we think : Let our thoughts flye
 To overtake His Providentiall eye;

Then

Then we shall straight be conquered, and confess
His Bounties, but our own Unworthiness.

And like the Eagle, first such flight begin
From the low contemptible Vale of sin,
Untill Confession and Amendment raise
Our stretcht out Pinions to the clouds in praise.

And then when all is done that we are able,
Still we must know, we're but Unprofitable.

Contemplatio Diurna.

When we behold the Morning Dew
Dissolve ith' rising Sun: What would it shew?

But that a Sun to us did rise,
Our Fathers hoary sin to Atomise.

And when the Flowers display'd appear,
To entertain the mounting Charetier:

What would they speak in that fair dress?
But Man's redemption out of wretchedness.

For the shade-shortning Noon can tell
The Proud, and such as with Ambition swell;

That whilst upon Opinions wing
They seek to soare, they work their lessening.

And the Prognostick Western set,
May Our Conditions rightly counterfeit;

For if we rise, shine, and set Cleer,
The Day-Star from on high's our Comforter:

If Sin becloud us as we fall,
Our next dayes rise will prove our Funerall:

Et quid lachrymabilis?

Ubi desinit Medicus, incipit Theologus.

Pharmaca ægrotantibus Optima,

Corpore si tu ægrotas,
Æsculapius vocetur:

Anima sin sit, devotas
Preces quisque Meditetur.

Convictus facilis & maxime Nutriens.

Nec quid comesurus cures,
Paucis nam Natura gaudet:

Verbum Dei si procures,
Dapes (quisquis velit) laudet.

Aer Optimus & ad Veram Valetudinem
propius conducens.

AEra dum Malignum queris
Sis morbosus, nec sit mirum:

Sancto sodale si frueris,
Teque efficiet talem virum.

Exercitium veram sanitatem comparans optime.

Exercearis licet tota
Nocte Dieq; Fata vocent:

Sed si Deo facta Vota
Sint sincera, Hæc non nocent:
Ad sanitatem potius veram
Et eternam, Viam docent.

Where the Physitians skill can doe no more,
Divinity must best of health restore.

Annus annulus, &c. Diminutione largimur.

AS the Year, Serpent-like doth cast its Skin,
 And's stript o'th' Old, when as the New comes in;
 What would 'tinform, but that anew w'invest
 Our selves in Christ, Old Adam's Rags detest ?
 And if a *Janus* Bifronted doth stand,
 Looking at once to this and t'other hand,
 What would He teach our Consciences, save this,
 To see at one View whence Salvation is,
 And whence our woe came; that for this we may
 Our Tribute Tears, for that all-praises pay?

Now when the Season blossomes in its Spring,
 And time puts on a party-colour'd wing;
 Why should not our Souls, which before did lye
 Defil'd through th'smutch of Sin, receive a dye
 (Whereat the Rose may blush) from that same flood
 (All Streams surpasses) of our Saviours Blood?
 For if that Leprosie we fain would heal,
 This is our *Jordan*, stain'd with Cutchinneal.
 If from our first Sire we receiv'd a wound,
 This is that Spikenard that can make us sound.

And as th'approaching Sun comes daily on
 For to supplant the Winters Garison:
 So should our frozen hearts be thaw'd, and Melt
 When we to Mind call what our Jesus felt,
 And we deserv'd; His Zodiack should bring
 Us to the Tropick of our Summering
 In those warm thoughts, till ripe in faith and hope,
 Love like a Vale, cover Our Horiscope:
 For what can we return for His, who rent
 The Temples to free us from Punishment?

O let the Lustfull Clusters we behold
 Berasseling Autumn, and those Ears of gold-
 Resembling Corn, say to us, if we thirst
 Or hunger: He who is both Last and First,
 Did tread the Wine-press for us, and fulfill
 What was to us due for our Parents ill;
 That so we might be numbred 'mongst those guest
 The Lamb invited to his Mariage-Feast.
 And though we once fell by what one Tree bore,
 God by Anothers fruit did us restore.

Then whilst the Sharp'd-breath'd Winter seems to lay
 Stripes on the bearing earth, and Blasts th'array
 She late was deckt in; Spitting on her face
 Its Feather'd-rain, (all embling the disgrace
 For Us He felt, who would have known no shame,
 Had we been Innocent and without Blame)
 Doth't not discypher how a Lilly pure
 Sprung up 'midst Thorns, Scourgings to endure:
 And how They Spat upon a Face that Shin'd,
 Which prov'd our Eye-salve, who before were blind?

My Observation at Sea.

THough every thing we see or hear may raise
 The Makers Praise;
 For without Lightning or Thunder,
 His Works are all of wonder;
 Yet amongst Those there's none
 Like to the Ocean.

Where (not a Catalogue to keep
 Of severall Shapes inhabiting the Deep)
 Let but our Thoughts confer
 With what once Gravel'd the Philosopher:
 And we must straight confess
 Amazement more, but apprehension less.

The Fire for heat and light
 Most exquisit:
 And the All-tempering Aire
 Beyond Compare.
 Earths Composition and Solidity,
 Bountifull Mixed with Humidity.
 But here for Profit and Content,
 Each must give place to th' Liquid Element:

Whose Admirable Course, that Steers
 Within Twelve Houres. Mariners,
 Outwards and Homewards bound:
 May be Sufficient Ground
 To raise Conclusion from thence
 At once, of Mighty Power and Providence.

For as the *Cynthia* Queen
 Her bounty less or more vouchsafes be seen:
 So by her wain She brings
 The Tides to Neaps, and by her Full to Springs:
 Yet not but as He pleas
 Who set Her there, chief Governess of Seas:

Which understood
 Truly by such would seek for Traffique good,
 They must their Anchors waigh
 Out of the Oozie dirt and Clay
 Earths Contemplations yeild,
 And hoyling Sayles, They'l straightway have them fill'd
 With a fresh-Mackerell Gale, whose blast
 May Port them in true happiness at Last.

There th'in a Bay of Blifs,
 Where a Sweet Calm our welcom is:
 Let us at length the Cables Veere
 Fore and abaff, that may our Moorage cleere
 From warp or winding, so ride fixt upon
 Our Hopes Shear-Anchor of Salvation.

*Upon Moses put young to Sea, or hid in
 an Ark of Bulrushes.*

Exod. 2.
 2, 3.

THis son of *Amram*, soon as born did find
Pharaoh a Tyrant, but the Midwives kind:
 So being from that bloody Doom set free,
 Becomes His Mothers Care and Huswifrie;
 Who to His safety, that She might confer
 More hopes, She makes him first a Mariner:
 A good preface; whereby it was implide,
 His People He through the Red-Sea should guide.

In Mosen adhuc Infantem Amni commissum.

Exod. 2.
 3. 14.

Cyr latitans fencis Moses fit Nauticus Infans?
Ut ducat Populum per Vada Rubra suum.

Decem

Decem Præcepta. Acrost. Kenist.

- 1 **I**n Agypto cum fuisses,
respexit (Solus) ut Exisses.
- 2 **E**rrantes in Eremo plectit paucos,
posteror ut reddat Cautos.
- 3 **H**abeas Nomen non in Vano
ore, sed in Corde Sano.
- 4 **O**pere, nec sordeat Dies,
in quâ jussa Sancta quies.
- 5 **V**erus Amor Paternalis
doceat in Parentes qualis.
- 6 **A**rdens Cura ignoscendi,
tollat Rabiem Plectendi.
- 7 **D**oceat Casta Vita normam
qui & Vitam dat & formam.
- 8 **E**ripiendi queis fruuntur
alii, nec sit Mens libenter.
- 9 **V**era Testimonia Testes
reddant latos, falsa Mæstos.
- 10 **S**is Contentus tuâ sorte,
Nec Iunctam cupias Portam Porta :
Capias Vitam tunc pro Morte.

Isa. 5. 8.

*The Contempt of this World, raises
the Others Esteem.*

When all the Vertue we can here put on,
Is but refined Imperfection,
Corruption Calcin'd : A Minerall vain,
Where Clay (to be more priz'd) some Ore doth gain:

Why should we not employ the best of Care,
 To learn wherein Truest Contentments are,
 And how attain'd : The Jewellers command
 O're Art, is how to Foyle the Diamond
 As may add Lustre to it : So, who tries
 Less to Esteem of This worlds Flatteries,
 Sets higher Value on the Other, where
 Perfection proves th'Eternall Jeweller.

In Diem Natalem.

*NE moriatur Homo, Sanctus de Virgine purâ,
 Mirificusque hodie nascitur Ille Puer.
 Ne Peregrinetur Factus Peregrinus & Idem est,
 In Cunis Stabulum Glorificatque suis.
 Ne pro Delictis Proavi plectatur, amara
 Pocula fert, alio non patienda Modo.
 Exul ut è Cælis Migrans terraq; Mariq;
 Iactatus, tenebras Mortis, & Ima petit,
 Nos ut surgamus Sancti, quoque Luce fruamur
 Æterna, Astriferas incolit Ille Domus.*

In Eandem.

Christus $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Vita} \\ \text{Veritas} \\ \text{Via} \end{array} \right\}$ *Venit:* $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Mors} \\ \text{Mendacium} \\ \text{Error} \end{array} \right\}$ *Discedunt.*

*Leta Dies Cunctis, Mors quâ calcanda recessit,
 Nascitur in Domibus dummodo Vita suis :
 Plena Dies Lucis Verum quâ clarius exstat,
 Et Falsi Fuscum tollitur Omnè Genus :
 Fausta Dies in quâ Via sternitur Omnipotentis,
 Error & aufertur; Clara, Beata Dies.*

*To Kisse Gods Rod; occasioned upon
a Childs Sicknefs.*

WHAT ever Gods Divine
Decree
Awardeth unto Mine
Or Mee,
Though't may seem ill,
With patience
I am resolv'd to undergo,
Nor to His purpose once say no,
But Moderate both Mind and Will:
And Conquering th'Rebellions of Sense,
Place all content in true Obedience.

Thus I create it good
When His
Correction's understood,
Which is,
Not to destroy,
But to reclaim,
And t'cause me turn a new-leaf ore,
Count all an Error-writ before,
So find the sting of Flattering Joy:
Making the scope of all My future aim,
To Reverence and Glorifie His Name.

Thus when our God will frown, if we weigh it
In Judgments Scales, we mak't a Benefit.

*My Penthouse against the Storm of Grief,
occasioned upon the Death of a dear Friend.*

O How the Blasts
Temptation Casts
Against my Naked Ston,
Threaten Subversion;
Sithence the Decree of late was Thine
To take away My Sheltring Vine !

Well, let them blow,
Break clouds and rain,
Their Gusts and Show'rs in vain ;
For Confident I am,
My Gracious God upholds the Frame,
Whilst I the Olive Sprouts see grow.

Thus to my Hart
I may impart
Th'assurance of a Peace,
Wherein such Trials cease
If Patience-born; that Fear is good
When it withstands ill, not of ill withstood.

Man Levens the Batch.

GOD makes all things for good ; 'tis Man
Sowers and worsts Creation :
Who Leven'd by his Father, thence
Becomes all Disobedience ;

No thought, no word, no action He
 Contrives, can own Integrity
 To Him that made Him, for by Deeds
 As Words and Heart, his growth's in weeds,
 Which whilst neglected doe expresse
 Gods Grace, but Man's unfruitfulness :
 Now if again man would bear Corn,
 He must himself a Weeder turn.

The Attributes of true Love.

WE call that Patience, when provok'd we can
 Deferr revenge, but 'tis true love in Man :
 And when with open hand we would expresse
 Our Bounties Tribute, some style't Lavishness :
 But They mistake, as farr as those despise
 All steps whereby an Other Man doth rise ;
 Yet think they have Love too ; and boast no less
 Than that She is their constant Patroness :
 If Her Decrees be not to seek her own
 Praise, (as not seemly) whither are such blown,
 As thus would tempt Her anger, when 'tis taught
 She is not to be mov'd to an ill thought,
 But's ever pleas'd, and doth rejoyce to see
 Truth fit in Triumph o're Iniquitie :
 As She sustains, and is contented still
 With what wind blows, so doe her hopes sails fill ,
 When from the windows of Beleeif doth breathe
 A steady Gale, r'advance her course beneath :
 Till by the Saints transplanted, and above,
 She's Moor'd within that Port, and call'd True Love.

Contraria juxta se posita

Gal. 5. 19. to 23.



Like Night to Day, or foyles that Raise
 The Lustre of the Diamonds praise:
 Such, and no other Vertue Lies
 Hid in th'approach of Contraries.

Love begets Fear.

TWas of Thy Goodness (Lord) at first I had
 Knowledge of what was Good, and what was bad :
 Yet through the Ill of Nature become blinde,
 I followed Sin, and left thy Fear behind :
 By which I forfeited a Blessing , till
 Thou of thy Mercy, free and Gracious will
 Sign'st me a Pardon in that style, Repent,
 That so I might avoid all Punishment.
 Thus then rows'd up and wak'ned, I began
 Thy Judgments, Blessings, Love, and Fear to skan :
 And in a Scoale when I them all had waigh'd,
 Methought I lov'd Thee still, still was afraid.

My Invocation.

Great, and Good God, of Justice, Love ;
 As That to Fear, so grant This move
 My Trembling Heart, till It retain
 Some Sparks of heat and life again ;
 Sithence My Creation-Fuell's don
 Lighten again the Turf by thine own Son.

Small hopes of This , unless I may
 In awe to That, finde a decay
 Of such Lewd Thoughts, Words, Acts, did bring
 My whole Man to a wintering
 In Lust, and Sin, and growth of Grace ,
 T'assure a fruitfull Spring-tide in the place.

How's that attain'd? By heat, not cold,
 'Tis that the Bounteous Marygold
 Displayes its Treasure; and kinde Showers
 (Not Frosts) befriend both fruit and Flowers:
 Thaw then my Breast till't open Zeal,
 And let my Eyes those sighs reveal
 In rain, that my Affections may subdue,
 So from my Old Congeal'd Clot raise thoughts new.

Misericordia Dei splendidissima.

GODS Mercy shines 'bove all His works, as far
 As doth the Cyprian-Queen out-light a Starr.

To Man.. Epig.

HARD-Hearted Man! what canst thou say,
 That Thou thy self hast turn'd to Brick thy Clay:
 But that Thy Hopes are built upon
 His Promise once sent Fountains out of Ston:
 Wherefore to Sacrifice to Gods desire,
 Mans Heart must be the Altar, Sighs the fire.

Psalms 51.

17.

*My Pool of Bethesda, or the Effusion of Christs
 Merits to heal our Miseries.*

WHEN Children would goe, or Cripples stand,
 Crutches and Stools are fram'd for Arm and Hand.
 To rest upon, lest such attempting shall
 Without like Props occasion them to fall.

What

What are the Sons of *Adam* ? if we try,
 Condemn'd to Lameness and to Infancy
 Through Sin, and so disabled to Pace
 The Paths of Vertue, tread the Steps of Grace ;
 Till God of's Mercy pleased to Confer
 A standing stool, as if from th' Carpenter,
 Though He himself was Artist, and did frame
 This Remedy for Those were Weak and Lame :
 So that without a farther Inquisition,
 We All were, and are such, Christ's the Physition.

The Five Porches to Bethesda.

MAn is *Bethesda* , and's five Senses be
 Porches unto that Great Infermery,
 Where Divers Cures are sought for ; yet not one
 Attain'd but through an Angels Motion ,
 Grace powred on the Heart ; which who so can
 Improve, becommeth straight a perfect Man :
 But Those who Opportunity neglect,
 Must not an other Saving help expect.
 For as the Cripple Thirty eight years lay,
 And had done more, had not Christ come ith' way :
 So whilst these pow'r'd out waters we would try,
 Others step in, Prophane their Sanctity.
 Lusts both our Ears, and Eyes, and Palates charm :
 Through Nostrils and by Fingers we doe harm ;
 And 'cause all over Leprous and defil'd,
 We'd fain be cleans'd, to health be reconcil'd,
 Yet cannot get so soon into this Tide,
 Afford us of that *Jordan* from Thy side.

Soliloquium.

*A*Nima, quid tam tristaris?
 Ocule, quid Lachrymaris?
 Cur in Pectore singultus?
 Cur Mœrore madet vultus?
 Quî fit, gemitu plangescis
 Cor, ut si integrum non esses?
 Cum, quo hic fruamur toto
 Nostro non in Dei voto.
 Ejus est suffragii, sortem
 Dare, Vitam dare & Mortem.
 Mortis certitudo, brevem
 Vitæ Curam reddit levem:
 Et post Mortem, sit levamen
 Quod Vivetur semper tamen:
 Nec mensurâ quâvis, horæ
 Vespertinæ, vel Auroræ
 Metitur: æternâ Luce
 Sed (hæc dicta Dies) duce:
 In quâ, cum gaudeat omnis Sanctus,
 Luctus sistat, sileat planctus:
 Pœnam (hic) quâ laboramus
 Somnio Mortis nam mutamus:
 Et quid mali hora dedit,
 Gaudio Sempiterno cedit.
 Qui sic mutant, invidendos
 Sentio solos: non desflendos.

è contra Pectora Peccatis data,
 Cor corruptum, Ora lata,
 Animam infectam Malis,
 Nox dum sequitur fatalis,
 Lugeat, doleat Omnis Tales.

A Carroll.

(IF nothing else) may not this season move,
 Or Time become true Chronicle of love ?
 And so allay the Fury, stint the Rage
 Or madness doth predominize this age ?
 When for to Ransome Man, whose least Offence
 Was character'd in Disobedience,
 He who knew no Sin came, that, to fulfill
 The Mercy Statute of His Fathers will :
 Thus He forgave, and gave, to let us know
 What to our Very Enemies we ow,
 By His Example ; and decrees this fate
 To the Posterity unfortunate
 Of too-beleiving *Adam*, That They must
 Give themselves over to no other Trust
 Than what His Word assures ; nor to make less
 That first of Sins, Create them numberless,
 In Envie, Malice, and Ambition,
 But joyn to Charity Contrition
 For by-past faults, and resolutions raise
 To spend the future in our Makers praise :
 Obey Him first, then Those His Glorious Powers
 Shall substitute for our Superiours :
 And with our own Condition whatsome're
 Content, enjoy a full Harmonious Sphere ;
 Leaving no Orb for Discords fond increase,
 Sithence He that's born for us was Prince of Peace..

A Quid.

A *Quid Retribuam.*

Poor sin-bound-naked-creature Man, ne're knows
 What to return for that His God bestows;
 But as Prosperities increase, goes less
 I'th' retribution of Thankfulness :
 His eyes not open but with Clay made dim,
 Renders that Miracle, not wrought on Him,
 Remains so stupid, but where Faith's declin'd
 Int' unbeleef, such are for ever blind :
 Now that I may like Judgment still prevent,
 By entertaining True-Souls-Nutrimment,
 Not Poyson : let Example spurr me on
 To take the Cup fill'd with Salvation ;
 And t'praise his holy Name that did prepare
 Such Cates for those heavie and Laden are,
 Sins Dromidaries swift by Nature led
 To run to Evil, here unburthened
 By One who bore both Crosse and shame, to free
 The Pliant branch of *Eves* posterity :
 (So have I tender Saplings seen unbroke,
 When Tempests have o'r-turn'd the sturdier Oak :)
 And if in Sacrifice we'd passe degrees,
 The best for acceptation's from the knees,
 Outward and inwardly exprest ; whereby
 To notifie unfeign'd Humility ;
 For such deny to shew repentance thus,
 Surely forget Christ came from Heaven to us :
 And those of that short memory may know
 Their Portion's here ; They shall not to Him go,
 Who's Riches, Rayment, Food, and all Relief
 To them Contemn this World, make Him their Chief.

E V C H A R I S T I A

-dam -itam -elestem -omo -nini -eti -ejmens -imulantes -alibus -agf -maries

Though All must truly say, They've done amiss,
 Yet there Goes more than Ord'nary to This:
 For He that would not make the banquet sower,
 Must form His Relish to his SAVIOUR.

*A Pelican feeding her young with blood out of her
 own Brest, a type of our Saviour.*

C-rucres
 I-ndulgetq;
 A-lescant
 N-ari
 V-ulneribusq;
 S-nis.
 L-atus
 E-ximios
 P-erregit

Behold Here from the PELICANS Brest sprung
 A stream of precious blood to feed her young.

In Sanctam Cœnam Domini, Epig.

W Ash and be clean, Eat, Drink this, and 't will save:
 So easie is the suit our Lord doth crave:
 Yet with the healed Creeple, back He'll call thee,
 And bid Thee, Sinn no more, lest worse befall thee.

A Dedication of my first Son.

IS it not fit the Mould and Frame
 Of Man, should dedicate the same
 To God, who first Created it: and 't give
 To Him the first fruit of that Span we live?

In the worlds Infancy could *Hannah* tell,
 Shee ought to Offer her sonn *Samuel*
 To Him that made him, and refine
 That Sacrifice with Flowre and Wine?

Was *Abrams* long expected seed
 From *Sarah's* womb condemn'd to bleed?
 And shall the times now they grow Old, conclude
 In faithlesness, and in ingratitude?

Let shame awake us, and where blessings fall,
 Let every one become a Prodigall
 In paying vows of thanks, and bring
 The first, and best for Offering.

Where am I then; whom God hath deign'd to bleſs
 With hopes of a ſucceeding happineſs
 Unto My houſe? Why is't I ſtand
 At th' Altar with an Empty hand?

Have I no Herds, no Flocks, no Oyl,
 No Incenſe-bearing-*Shebah*-foyl?
 Is not My Grainary ſtor'd with Flowre that's fine?
 Are not my Strutt'd Veſſels full of Wine?

What Temporall Bleſſing's wanting to ſuffice
 And furniſh out a lively Sacrifice,
 Save onely this, to make a Free-
 Will-offering of an Infancy?

Which if I ſhould not doe, that pil'd-
 Up wood, whereon lay *Sarah*'s childe;
 The Temple would accuſe me, where the ſon
 Of *Elk'na* firſt had Dedication.

Wherefore accept, I pray thee, this
 Thou'ſt given, and my firſt Sonn is:
 Let him be Thine, and from his Cradleling,
 Begin his ſervices firſt reckoning.

Grant, with his Dayes, thy Grace increaſe, and fill
 His Heart, nor leave there room to harbour ill:
 That in the Progreſs of His years
 He may expreſs whoſe badg He wears.

In Quadragesimam.

WHen all the Dayes w'havè borrowed are mis-spent,
 Had we not need to beg more time were Lent;
 And not to suffer This too, to be gon,
 Because abus'd through superstition?
 A knife to cut with's good, but if to kill
 It be abus'd, why then we deem it ill.
 All things are made for use; Abuses came
 But as Usurpers to deprave the same:
 And in some kinde or other all we do,
 Speak, think, or have, those have their morals too.
 Our Pampred Bodies oft such thoughts put on,
 That they become like to proud *Iessuron*:
 And when our minds from full Cups are exprest,
 They're like to *Baltasazar's* at His Feast:
 Our Actions too, laden with Temporall good,
 Cannot permit t'aspire at Spirituall food;
 But over-fed, we surfet, and becom
 Like to the Beast in all things, save being dumb:
 Tongue-tide we are not, when we would express
 Our Enmity, from th' root of Birterness:
 Nor yet uncharitable, unless in this,
 To judge that those who hunger doe amiss,
 And such as thirst too, whilst our Cups run o're,
 And Bellies are made Magazines of store.
 It should be otherwayes, if we would shun
 The heavie doom of sad Temptation;
 And as the Meat and Drink of Faith, prepare
 A Holy-Fasting-sanctifying Prayer,
 Cook'd from our Corner'd hearts, and not the streets,
 A Sacrifice Incens'd with Love for sweets.
 And thus performing what is Lent aright,
 We'l fear no Schismatick, nor Anchorite.

IS there a Child born? what great wonder's that?
When 'tis nature's property to Generat;
But here's a Sonne too given, which implies
All that can be ascrib'd to Mysteries;
For He's a Father, Brother, Kinsman, Friend,
Both Sacrifice and Priest to recommend
That offering up: Samaritan pass by
Himself to Act the height of Charity
On us lay stript wounded; A Physitian
Cures the disease of our indisposition
To ought that good is; Shepherd to redresse,
And bring us back out of the wilderness;

Where we had gon astray into his fould,
A Merchant that Redeems us who were fould
To sinne and bondage; and to make all good;
Contented was to spare his precious blood:
So was a Lambe before the Shearers led,
To be disroab'd, despis'd, and slaughtered,
That we might Live in credit, and put on
The whiter Robe of his Salvation:
Th's Atlas-like the Government doth bear
Upon His shoulder, and if Counsellour
We would esteem Him, we should be content
To make his mercies our encouragement:
For mighty faults deserve a mighty rod,
But He an Everlasting mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, full of Compassions store,
Holds out the Golden scepter evermore,
And that this Birth and Gift to us be knowne,
He pleads himself Our cause at's Fathers Throne.

*

Christus.

By second Error, but as Judge to try
(Whillst Conscience wayes chormity)
And as mans misdeemours they expresse
Though Cretche, **Totus, Solus, in Omnibus.**

NE tibi deficias fac sit tibi Totus Iesus
Nec metuas, Christus sat tibi solus, erit
Omnibus & capiens rebus gaudere secundis
Conferat in Dominum singula sacra suum.

That to your selfe you be not wanting, make
Iesus all yours, and Christ alone your stake;
For who desires enjoyment of good things
Must place upon his Lord what e're hee brings.

Tantillus Homo, & Tantus Peccator.

HOW small a thing is Man, and yet Immence,
In acting over Disobedience;
From the first spawing time He did begin
To hatch Rebellion, and to foster sin:
Dispute His Makers mandate, and make choice
To yeeld unto the Subtil Serpents voyce:
Thus then betray'd, ere since he doth prefer
Custom to be New-natures Usherer;
And so prescribes, Thinking he doth no worse
Then his Fore-father who entail'd the curse,
A new Beleefe of credit would put on,
That God would signe a new Redemption:
As if his Sonne into the world did dain,
Once for to come, should come for him again;
And so He will, yet not by Ransome led,
To purchase that again man forfeited.

By second Error, but as Judge to try
(Whilst Conscience verdicts) each enormity:
And as mans misdemeanours They expresse,
Though Great in Guilt, in Goodnes He'll goe lesse.

Ad Amicum.

*P*randia parva iuvant, Parvus lectusq; domusq;
Nec magnus Puer est, nec focus ille tuus.
*P*arvis magna solet virtus gaudere micatque
*O*ppositis positum grandius ingenium.

Before a Sacrament.

IS there a Feast to day? must I make one

At so great Celebration?

And am I yet to seeke how to be drest

As to become a worthy Guest?

If to some other Table bid I were

My Taylor, and my Shoemaker,

Sempster, and Barber, all might misfred be

To add to my Formality.

But this more reall than all else, implies

A Banquet fill'd with mysteries:

God's manifested in the Flesh, and thus

The height of mercy shown to us:

And if the Rule of charity begins

At home, let's call to mind our sins,

Befreind our selves so farre as to Confesse,

How much He did, and we doe lesse;

Be joyfull for so Great a Saviours Power,

Yet in Contrition melt a shower,

To think how oft whilst lewd affections guide

We make our Lord New crucifide,

Then

Tim. 3. 16.

Then if we would no more of horror dread,
We may approach and take this bread
And wine, the Comfort and the staffe, whereby
Not Life but Lifes Eternity

Secured is, and then with Grace possesse

Shew that we have an interest

In his high merits which alone Comprise

Job. 2. 14.

Power to quell our Enemies.

And though our former Actions turn'd to weed,

Let's now bring Faith though but a Mustard seed.

So may we all remove that high appears

In our Concepts, into a sea of Tears;

For 'tis His Blood no other Jordan can

Cuer the Leperous Assyrian.

1 Cor. I. 30.

nobis a Deo

Qui factus fuit

Prov. 9. 10. Sapientia;

Vt Timeamus : utpote Initium.

1 Cor. I. 29. Justitia;

Vt nostra nihili pendamus quoniam carnalis.

Sanctificatio

Vt in posterum (vita prioris pravitate relicta) secundum sacrosanctam tam verbi eius quam Exempli normam ambulemus.

Redemptio.

Vt ne quid amplius Diabolo, Peccatis scilicet & affectionibus Carnalibus sed ipso Sacrificali sacrificio; Ipsosmet in omni sancta & pura conversatione Consecremus & sacrificemus.

Non Recusantes, Cruci viz. Afflictionibus & Tribulationibus pro Illo succumbere, Qui istius Gravitatem & Anxietatem pro nobis sustinuerat.

*A Hymn occasioned upon going to receive the
blessed Sacrament when it was a snow.*

Invited now to Sup with Thee my Lord,
All that I am is at a Period
How to be fitly drest,
And so t'become a worthy Guest;
For 'tis prepar'd alone
For such as have the Wedding garment on,
Which through Guilt I want, — *me*
And all my Substance t'buy one is too scant.

Make Me a Purse then, from His Sacred Score,
Whose institution 'twas, and will doe more
For Those beleeve His name,
That to redeem us Sinners came
Into the World, and shed
His precious blood, which might stand all in stead;
By a quick Faith apply
The Sovereign Balsome of His Agony.

For like the Man met Theeves, we all were left
Naked and Wounded, Spectacles of Theft
And Rapine too, wherein
We weltring lay, a prey to Sin;
Till th'true Samaritan
Passing this way, Redemption began,
Not sparing Wine, nor Oyle
Out of His Hands, and Feet, and Side the while.

Thus now upon Recovery agen,
 Bound up in His Grave-cloaths, brought to our Inn,
 And Earnest left, to prove
 His high Compassion and Love:
 What care should be t'express
 In all our future Actions thankfulness?
 Which no way's better spent
 Than in partaking right this Sacrament:

Which, without Cleansed hearts, and mindes that Can
 Turn a new leaf with the Centurian,
 More of a Christian show,
 Made white as is this day with Snow;
 And like the Prophets sute
 Purged with Hysope from what doth pollute,
 We cannot hope to do;
 Nor that, 'less prompted by thy Grace thereto.

Whereto (I pray Thee) so much mercy add,
 That I may have some Balim from *Gilead*
 To heal my Leprous Sore,
 Whilst humbled for my Sins before,
 My future dayes may be
 The Inventory of more Piety;
 My forehead bear thy stamp

Rev. 7. 3. As servant, having Oyl still in my Lamp.
Mat. 25. 4.

A Reveille Mattin, or Good morrow to a friend.

AS the Black Curtain of the Night
 Is open drawn
 By the Gray-fingred Dawn,
 To let out light,

And

And bid good Morrow to the Teeming Day:
 So let all Darkned thoughts Through Sin,
 Call in

Their Powers, that led them in a blind-fold way:
 And Rowl'd up from security,
 Bring better fruits unto Maturity.

For now the Fragrant East
 The Spicery o'th' World,
 Hath hurl'd
 A rose Tincture o'r the Phoenix nest;
 And from the last Dayes Urn
 An Other springs,
 And brings

With it a Charettier too in its turn:
 So then by this new fire
 Be Goodness Hatcht, all wickedness expires.

Then as This Prince of Heat doth rise,
 In Power, and in Might seem stronger;
 Proclaiming that 'tis Night no longer;
 By vanquishing the Witchcrafts of the Skies,
 The Spelly-vaprous Mists:
 So let th'enlightned Soul

Controul

Our Actions, that no farther they persist
 To follow sense, whereby t'invite
 Ruine, the sawce t' unruly Appetite.

Thus now it's cleere,
 Out of all Question,
 The world's unmask'd, and all of Vailing gon.
Phabus Triumphant o'r our Hemisphere:

Let

Let us not therefore in disguise
 Seek, or Bravado,
 To shadow as if under Maskerado
 So many faults and Villanies,
 Knowing that He who made the Light,
 Cannot Himself be destitute of fight.

But though His Providence
 Did this beget,
 That Suns that rise should set,
 And in appearance vanish hence :
 Yet doth He claim for th'interest
 Of Day-lights blifs,
 We slumber not amifs ;
 When as our Light is borrowed by the West :
 But the Choice Cabbinet of minde adorn
 With Contemplations may besit next Morn.

Trium Gratiarum maxima Charitas.

When all Perfections prove
 But like some sound
 Of Brass,
 Wherein no certain Note is found,
 Without Harmonious Love ;
 What do we see then more, than through a Glass ?

We may with Eloquence
 Beguild our Speech,
 And then
 Offer at more than we can reach,
 And bring an Influence
 Of Works to raise us : yet are we but Men. For

For if provok'd we be,
 We'll not forgive;
 And so

Forget the wrong we did receive,
 Though it be Love's decree;

Untill we can work our revenge in wo.

The Churle, whose sparing skill
 Denies to feed

The Poor,

And such as stand in greatest need;

Yet thinks he doth no ill,

Whilst He walks double on his Ivory floor.

An Other, Envie-swoln,

When once 't was heard

By chance,

That such a one was new prefer'd,

Cries; What are honors stoln!

Yet by the same tract strives Himself t'advance.

This Mushroom may appear,

When first the Sun

Doth rise;

But when His Hemisphere is run,

And that the Ev'n draws near,

It shuts up all its treasure, and so dies.

Unless reviv'd again

By Loves sweet Charm,

O'r which

No Night or Vapour can do harm;

For neither Pride, Wit, Gain,

Can make us truly Live, or truly Rich.

But if Affection
 To Truth prevaile,
 And say,
 No Suffering shall turn the Scale,
 Nor yet promotion:
 This Night will turn into eternall Day.

Matth. 13.

El Sembrador, or, the Sower.

ALL are Solicitous, who grounds possess,
 To know
 Both when and how to sow,
 That promise may to them the Most increas.

And by the severall Seasons, Change, or Wain,
 Full, or
 Increase, to stir them for
 What might be properest of every grain.

Nor do they search so deep as for a Mine
 Of Gold;
 Yet what's the fittest mold
 For every seed, can readily define.

And doth not great neglect and sloath appear
 In these,
 Whom Barley, Wheat, Rie, Pease,
 Affect alone in being cheap or dear:

Whilst that the Fallows of their hearts, untill'd,
 No more
 Can promise than before,
 To be with Cockle-thoughts and Darnell fill'd.

For

For when the Bells do seem all In to Chime,
They'll say

This is some Holiday;
So never frame a work unto the time.

All that they pray, or hear, or read, or do,
Shall be

Choak'd with the Brierie
Cares of this world, which-they are Slaves unto.

Before the Reverend Preacher can divide
His Text,

Some one soon tells't the next,
Yet's robb'd of it; For 't falls by th' high-ways side.

An Other gets a Point by th' end, and may
Go on

Till Persecution

Declare him *Niobe*: then he must stay.

As when a Soil's prepar'd with art and Care,
The Hinde

Such Crops doth alwayes finde,
As to's endeavours anſwerable are.

So let our Hearts be throughly wed of Sin,
And then

They'll prove good ground agen,
And bring us more than thousand profits in.

Necesse, est Ut

Temporum Vitia Careant Dei amicitia
Absque vera tristitia.

Terminus

à quo

per quem

ad quem

Rom.	{	<i>Gula</i>	{	Joel 2.	{	<i>Jejunium</i>	{	Luk.	{	<i>Abundantia</i>
13.13		<i>Scortum</i>		12.		<i>Luctus</i>		1.53.		<i>Gaudium</i>
		<i>Ebrietas</i>				<i>Mæstitia</i>				<i>Letitia.</i>

Opera

<i>Tenebrarum</i>	{	{	<i>Fugienda</i>
<i>Pœnitentiæ</i>			<i>Amplectenda</i>
<i>Misericordiæ</i>			<i>Acquirenda.</i>

Sic fiet; Ut

* <i>Mundities.</i>	<i>Dentium</i>	*	<i>Candor</i>	{	cedat	{	<i>Copiæ & ubertati</i>
	<i>Armorum</i>		<i>Clangor</i>				<i>Paci & tranquillitati</i>
	<i>Pestilentia</i>		<i>ardor</i>				<i>Sanitati & temperiei.</i>

Quod fac sit Dominus huic Mundi angulo Angliæ.

A M E N.

A Carroll.

WHat though't be Cold, and Freeze,
 Let no good Christian leese
 So much of heat and Zeal,
 As not for to Remember
 That blest day of *December* :
 And what to Shepherds Angels did reveal,
 Which doth of right Claim lay
 To All that ever Man can write or say.

A Saviour's born for Us,
 What News more precious ?
 Wer't but some Neighbours Son,
 The Bells would straightwayes ring---
 In Cakes for Gossiping ;
 So soon the Tydings o'r the Town would run,
 And many a light brain tost
 Amongst the Goodwives, where to place their Cost.

And shall my frozen heart
 Not thaw, and bear its part
 In Jollitie for this :
 Whereby not I alone,
 But each beleeving one
 May promise to Himself eternall blis ?
 For such can ne'r be Cold,
 Who have this Birth-day in their hearts enrol'd.

But may be said to burn,
 Till some thanks they return,
 Which though far short they reach,
 The comfort is most sure,

It hath healing wings to Cure
 Not for reward, but to make up the breach,
 Which so repair'd 't is we
 Must make it good 'gainst Satans Batterie :

Whereto belongs this Care
 In Chief and Singular,
 That stricter guards we keep,
 Because both night and day
 Th' Artillery doth play,
 Nor doth our Adversary ever sleep :
 Then we shall shew hereby
 Christs Favour hath not slipt our memory.

Upon the birth of a Child.

WHEN I (O Lord) Thy Mercies scan,
 Stooping unto the Publican,
 Who stood afar off; and didst daign
 To give, that He might ask again :
 (For not the Outward-beaten-brest,
 Nor down-cast-look could make Him blest;
 But 'twas thine own Power did controul
 His former Vice, stamp New His soul.)
 Methinks I am so far set free
 From all Sins bonds and Tyrannie,
 As that rais'd up in hopes; no More
 I need *Zacheus* Sycamore :
 But (though a Dwarf in Grace) conclude
 I see Christ 'bove the Multitude
 Calling me down; as if to say,
 He meant to be my Guest to day;
 And (though a Sinner) crown My wish,
 Bringing an Olive-branch for's Dish.

This

This is a true saying, That Christ came, &c. *Tim. I. 1,*
15.

BE a thing true or false, our Nature lies
 Alwayes so prone to Novelties,
 That we are caught: and what is done or said,
 Tickle, till we have uttered;
 Yet are asleep whilst this *True saying's* come,
 (Or else with *Zachary* struck dumbe
 Through incredulity) although 't express
 In it the height of our unworthiness:
 And this the Scope, That He was 'nointed King
 Although he govern'd every thing,
 Contented was of's footstool t' make a throne
 Where He might work Salvation,
 And so is a true Jesus; nor doth thus
 Become unto the Righteous,
 But to Those likewise who through sins decree
 Condemned were to Miseric,
 Amongst whom the Apostle, whilst he'averrs
 Himself as chief, so little errs:
 What should we Judge our selves to be, whose all
 Of Life is but Apocryphall,
 Less than the least of Mercies: yet again
 When in our ills we not remain,
 Goodness shall cause that Scepter to distill
 All saving Grace into the will;
 So that repair'd by this, forgiv'n by that,
 We may thus far be Consolat,
 That Princely Clemency, and wonted love,
 May both the Crime and guilt remove:
 Then though the chiefest of the Chief we bee,
 If we repent, this Verse may set us free.

Luk. I. 20.

Mat. 9. 13.
Mark 2. 17.

My Looking-Glass.

FOe to Ill-faces for thy truth, be free
 And Shadow back my Souls Deformitie,
 Thou'lt please me better far, than that which can
 Return a Raven White, or black a Swan:
 For if thou shouldst like to thy self, rubb'd ore,
 Give All for Moteles that comes Thee before,
 I might suspect, (that justly) whilst thou'rt set
 To me 'n Diameter for Counterfeit,
 So horrid black my Conscience doth present
 My Guilt-complexions Night Firmament,
 Not Tincel'd with one Star of Grace, or Spark
 Of Goodness, but Sin-clouded o'r and Dark.
 How shall I then presume to Claim a right
 In any Dawn of Mercy and of light?
 Unless My Faith give credit for the Loan;
 And so Gods Son lend from th' Reflection
 Of His Bright Merits, so much power to say,
 My Pardon's seal'd, and Night is turn'd to Day:
 And then, and not before, I may seem drest,
 When His Great Favour, my Great Sin's confest.

Sham'd by the Creature.

THe Thankfull Soil Manur'd and Winter Drest,
 Returns the Hinde an Autumn interest
 For all His care and Labour: nor denies
 To be uncloath'd, to deck his Grainaries:
 So doth the Youthfull Vine those Prunings own,
 When as her Blossomes are to Clusters grown;

Nor (to shew thanks) doth spare her blood to spill,
That so the Planters Vessels She may fill.

This Vegetable Lecture may indeed
Cast a Blush o'r me, whose return for seed
So far fals short, as not for every one
To bring an Ear ; but for a whole Season none,
No not that Corn again was left in trust,
And Harrowed up under My barren Dust :
But pregnant Nature doth so rule and raign,
That with wilde Oats She Choaks the better Grain ;
And where My Gratefull Heart should dye my Press,
It's all Besmeared with unthankfulness.

Nor can a Thought, a Word, or Act proceed
Out of My Clay, that turns not straight to Weed :
And for My Fruits, ere Ripeness is begun,
Abortive-like, They wither in the Sun
Of Self-Conceit : Lord prune once more this Vine,
And Plow this Ground, lest the Figtree's doom be Mine. *Luk. 13. 7.*

To Man, on his frail Condition.

W^Hat permanence to Earth or Clay is due,
Fond Man consider, for that Emblems you :
This Day brings humane flesh under Death's yoke,
And yesterday I saw a Pitcher broke.
Our Forms are different, Substances the same:
The subtil Artist doth both Vessels frame
For Honor and the Contrary ; and thus
Our great Creator moulds and fashions us.
If we would then our Makers praise set forth,
We should take Care to become Those of worth.

*Hodie vidi,
heri vidi, &c.*

The Fallacy of the outward Man.

A Re we awake, or doe our Eyes
 Onely with th' Glowworm sympathise,
 To light the Pismire to his bed,
 When it through toil and labour's wearied?

Doth not the Bank of Moss appear
 Crispt up in Moon-shine far more clear;
 When *Argus*-ey'd with many a Mite,
 It waits upon the Goddess of the Night?

Have not the wanton Fairie-Elves
 Their Torch-bearers, Light as themselves,
 That with our Fancies sport and play,
 Untill they lead us quite out of the way?

Cannot a Spangle, Pin, or Bead,
 By Candle-light, int' Error lead;
 And representing Treasure, claime
 A stooping to the Mat or Bord for th' same?

'Tis from no other, but from hence
 That whilst alone with th' outward sence
 We doe behold, and not with th' Minde,
 We are asleep, or we are blinde.

Awake and See: Let Sin no more
 Lock up the Window and the Dore
 To thy fair apprehension (Soul,)
 But let its own allurements give Controull:

Let this false treasure, vapour, spark
 Of candid dew, shine in the Dark,
 And the Bejewel'd worm Eschew
 The morn, lest that her Diamonds prove untrue.

But Let Thy Lustre Foyl-less be,
 And so present the Day to thee :
 Let Sparks of Grace, and Truths light steer
 Thee to Contemplate Thy Lord Treasurer.

Who not on Bords or Mats did lie ,
 But did Install Humility :
 Whilst in the Chambers of the Inn
 One spies a Bead, an Other sees a Pinn.

He is that Light which doth convey
 All wise men to th'eternall Day,
 Whilst Fools by false Illusions fire,
 As in the Dark slip into Dirt and Mire.

'Twas He alone ; whose wounded side
 And Hands and Feet are glorifide ,
 Whilst Potentates with Jewels hung,
 But Barren Moss-banks are, and filthy dung.

No sweat, no Travail, grief nor Pain,
 Did His Love Shun, to win again
 Thee that wer't Lost : [His Mercies Shon
 Far above th' Glance of Truest Diamon'.

Wherefore if Thou mak'st use of this
 Worms Love to Raife thy thoughts to His ;
 If with Industrious Care Thou bring
 Home to thy self His suffering ;

If by reflection thou return,
 Sighings unfeign'd, for sighes, and burn
 In Zeal: no Falsifi'd delight
 Can e'r deprive thee of thy sight.
 But with the eye of Faith thou Maist behold
 A Crown Immortall priz'd 'bove purest Gold.

Upon the Times.

A Wake thou best of sence,
 Intelligence,
 And let no Fancy-vapour steer
 Thy Contemplation t' think that peace is neer,
 Whilst war in words we doe bemone,
 There's nothing less left in Intention.

England that was, not Is,
 Unless in Metamorphosis,
 Chang'd from the Bower of blifs and rest,
 To become now *Bellonaes* Interest,
 In danger of a Funerall Pile,
 Unless some happy Swift means reconcile.

Which how to bring to pass,
 Beyond Mans hopes, alas,
 Therefore be pleas'd (Thou) who didst make
 Atonement for His sake,
 To silence this unnaturall spell,
 As Thou didst once the Delphian Oracle.

My Reformation.

If all the Span
 Of Dayes
 Lent here to Man
 To Pilgrim in,
 And in Times Kalendar enrol'd,
 God should but Skan,
 What might He finde for weight and Measure,
 But Pounds and Pecks of this and t'other evil;
 No one markt to His Praise,
 But spent or sold
 For Profit, or in Pleasure:
 By whole-sale
 Unto Sin;
 And by Retaile
 Unto the Flesh, the World, the Devil.

If the Immense
 Goodness
 Did not dispense
 Its power upon
 Our frailties, that like Clay or Glass
 Makes no defence
 'Gainst Potters, or the Glasiers skill:
 What could we promise to withstand such loss,
 Our Miseries redress,
 Unless (alass!)
 His Son He let them kill:
 So Himself t' pay
 That by One,
 Which on all lay;
 And t'expiate, through grief and cross.

Here am I lost,
 So small,
 Yet so much cost,
 Wherein the debt
 Would wel-nigh drive into despair,
 Had not the Most
 Of me been dross, and so unfit
 To take the stamp of any Grace or Good ;
 Untill he that made all,
 Did to repair
 My Crackt estate, and knit
 By His pain ;
 Wherein met
 To set again
 That Breach for Balm, His precious Blood.

Captives ye know
 Are led
 Into much woe
 And Sufferance,
 Untill by Ransome they get free
 Again ; and so
 No more are bound, but to those wayes :
 Where lies my bond and Obligation then ?
 To Sin was Cancelled,
 But still with Thee
 My Saviour, whose Bayes
 O'r Death's sting,
 Hell, and Chance,
 A Conquest bring
 To set me at full Liberty again.

Not what I will
 To speak,
 Or doe My fill,
 As Appetite,
 Not Reasons Fescue shall direct;
 But with that Skill,
 Thy Gracious Mercies shall infuse
 To make me truly sensible of those;
 Whilst I the Fetters break,
 And so detect
 That which did me abuse,
 My Young years,
 Which were light,
 Too void of fears,
 That so I might the rest for Thee compose.

My Close-Committee.

HOW busied's Man
 To seek and finde
 An Accusation
 Against all those
 He deems his Bodies good, or Goods oppose!
 And winks at such as Hazard Soul and Minde.

 Nothing of late
 Is done or spoke,
 But either King or State
 Concerned are;
 The while Each 'gainst his Neighbour wages War,
 So're all the bonds of love and friendship broke.

And

And how Comes this,
 But that we do
 Or utter what's amiss
 In every thing;
 Making Each Fancy Lord, each Will a King,
 And all that Checks not Reason, Treason too:

Were't not more wise,
 To lay about
 Which way for to surprize
 That Traitous band
 Of Sins, that in our Bosomes bear command;
 And entertaining Grace, t' cause those March out:

Our Lust, our Pride,
 Ambition,
 Or whatsome'r beside,
 Seems to give way
 To that unjust Militia and Array,
 Bring we t' our Close-committees inquisition:
 Thus when our hearts these for Malignants brand,
 Commit them not, but banish them Thy Land.

*Humiliation without Reformation, a foundation
 without a Building; Reformation without Humili-
 ation, a Building without a foundation.*

BEST Architects whether in Brick or Ston,
 Cast first to lay a sure Foundation,
 Then raise the Fabrick; Confident hereby
 T' assign't a term of perpetuity:

Whilst

While Lesser Artists failing of that Care
 And skill, erect them Castles in the Aire,
 An Element unconstant, which betrayes
 To Ruine whatsoever there those raise.

Such, and no Other are They, so profess
 To add by Reformation, happiness ;
 Yet want the Basis for to build upon
 To make it last, Humiliation ;
 When others seemingly cast on the flore,
 Yet are reform'd no better than before :
 So here Foundation without Building is,
 And there a Building on a Precipice.

Wherefore let me be humbled first, and then
 Reform so, as never to sin agen :
 Blending these two together, with intent
 To Build an Everlasting Monument.

A Carroll.

A Wake dull Soul, and from thy fold of Clay
 Receive the blessed Tydings of the Day :
 Not of a Foxes Cubb, whose guile might be
 A promise of successive Tyrannie.
 Nor o' th' Victorious Eagles farr-spread wing,
 The chiefest of the Worlds parts covering :
 But of a Lamb that's year'd, a Childe that's born,
 No Spectacle of Glory, but of Scorn ;
 For in the house of bread, This Bread of life,
 For us, is come to *Ioseph* and his wife :
 And though the City *David's* were, therein
 His Son no Throne Possesses, but an Inn.

Luk. 2.

8. 10.

13.

32.

9. 1.

Iohn 1. 20.

Luke 2.

17.

11.

7.

4. 5.

There thou maist finde him, at whose mean, low birth,
The mightiest Potentates of all the Earth,
Nay Oracles, are silenced and gon,
Nor longer serve the Devils delusion.

The Delphian Fiend confesses, He's o'rcome.
And by an Hebrew-born-Childe stricken dumb.

*Dion,
Suidas,
Nicepho.*

The Letters of th'Old Law effaced are,
Down falls the Statue of great Jupiter,
With th'Twins, and their nursing Beast : which shour
Of Prodigies, rouse up the Emperour;
Who thus farr in the dark could see, t'erec't
In honor of th'Almighty Architect,
An Altar in the Capitoll to's Son
First-born, with the sole dedication.

If Light thus thorow darkness shone, why is't,
That thou who hast the Gospels beams, the mist
Of errors canst not dissipate, but still
Becom'st Idolater in doing ill ?

How doth thy Pride and Envie hatch deceit,
And fond Ambition raise thee in conceit
Of thine own worth, when all such honors can
But drefs thee up more stately Beast, no Man ?
The Serpents brood like Twins doe alwayes Pare,
Which by Thy beastly humors fostered are :
Thy tongue no more thy hearts cross-row doth spell,
Than if thou were't an Other Oracle :

Be silent then, nor longer more prophane
That Holy Temple, for which thou art tane ;
But let the Lambs blood wash away the stains
And Characters were written in thy veins
By thy first Parents, and which sithence thou hast
By thy Endeavours into Volumes cast,

Psalms 44.
20.

1. Cor. 6.
19.

Throw

Throw down thy self for Him who meekly came
 Into the world for thee, a Childe, a Lamb,
 Born to be Slain for thee, yet slain before,
 To make the Victory and Conquest more.

Humility's a Childe; a Giant, Pride;
Goliath from the hand of *David* dide:
 So though like Foes, thy ill Affections grow
 Unto immensity, a Powerfull throw,
 Out of the Sling of Faith, of Hope, and Love,
 May all that Monstrous-uncouth-brood remove.

Then maist thou reign without suspicion, free
 As *Pharaoh* did, till this Nativitie:
 Then shall Thy Conscience Oraclife thy Fate,
 Than was *Augustuses* more Fortunate;
 Nor in the Capitoll, but in thy Hart
 Erect an Altar to Him, let each Part
 Express thou art awake, and seeing canst tell,
 That now Salvation's come to Israel.

Psalms 14.
 11.

*In Pueros Bethlehemiticos quos Herodes morte
 Christi causa multavit.* — c

*Innocuis nocuit, Iusto dum Injusta minatur,
 Infanda Infantum Laurea Poena dabat.*

*My Handkerchief to dry my eyes after the losse
of a most dear Friend.*

Lord, fithence the best
Of Thine,
Their Portions have
Of Sorrow, Sicknes, and the Grave :
Why should the worst repine,
Though Thou lock'st up their chiefeſt joyes in reſt:

Joyes, here but Lent,
And ſo
That we can ſay,
W' enjoy them for a day,
'Tis of meer Mercy, when for all we owe,
The Landlord muſt diſtrain to have his rent.

This the unthrifty courſe we take,
Begets,-
Whilst Pity mov'd, he tells
Us, He'll repair our tottering Cells,
And quite ſtrike off our former debts,
If with Contentment, thankfulneſs partake.

Theſe againſt ſadneſs are
An Antidote,
Preventing its Cold Poyſon, and
A heat-allaying-Julep, where Thy hand
Doth Thy diſpleaſure in a Fever note :
They ſtyle the Grave, whether 'tbe near or farre,
T'be but a Bed ; wherein when all muſt ſleep,
Let them reſt envy'd, for our Sins we'll weep.

On the Proto-Martyrs Death.

They w'r of *Deucalions* race, could be of no other,
Who ston'd St. *Stephen*, *Pyrrha* was their Mother.

In Epiphaniam, five manifestationem.

Psal. 148. 3.

*Dum manifesta Novo Christi quæ Gentibus Astro
Lux hodierna refert, Astra loquantur Ave. .*

*A Morning Fancy upon recovery from sickness, and
the birth of a Son at the same time.*

Mark but the Sluggards shame, the Change
Where *Pisnires* numerously doe range;
And you'll conclude, no fight so quick to try
Distinction in Those Creatures industry.

See but a shower of Motes that seem to beat
Some busie Traffick in a Sun-beams heat:
Then tell me what eye's so distinctiall,
As for to single One out of them all.

This, and much Less is Man, whose numerous fry
Fills the world to preserve posterity:
And yet there was an Eye both frown'd and smil'd;
A Sicknes here, but there a Lovely Child.

Singling out One, to shew at once the room,
Where's Mercy do His Judgments overcom:
And when the Fatherly Chastisement's don,
Crowns him the joyfull Father of a Son.

What

What can be here return'd ? the full expence
Of a whole Summers toyl and providence,
Or such a pack of lighter Merchandize,
As in the Sun delight to exercise ?

These, and no better are what we can raise,
To shew our thanks, saving a heart of praise,
Which God Himself must give ; and then 't's no more,
Than t'borrow of one, to pay the same a score.

Yet Lord, here be my Creditor, and lend
A-Soul, that may so much to Thanks pretend :
That whilst it seeks thine own but to restore,
Thou by acceptance maist create it more.

Psalms 82.
6,7.

*From God to all Princes for moderation in
taxing their Subjects.*

THough styled Gods, yet must ye die like men,
Saith God the Lord : Hear what he speaks agen,
Whose Children if you'd all accounted be,
(O Israels Princes) leave off cruelty :

Ezek. 45.9. And let your judgments, Justice so put on,
That there be no room for Oppression :
Neither exact from those who call you Lord,
More than your needs require, their powers afford.

1 Cor. 1.31.
Psalms 105.

Verbum Dei manet in æternum.

119. **L**ætari in Domino juvet; & cum Lubrica turbent,
Psal. 8.6. Solamen Verbum Nocte dieque sum.

*Ut sit & Cogitationibus, Verbisque, Factisque
propitius Omnipotens.*

Great God in whom all Justice reigns
And Truth,
Let not the reins of youth,
So slacken in me still,
T'enthrell and Captivate my thoughts to Ill,

Much less my Deeds : but as thy Son
Begun
Where *Solomon*
Laid Ston:
So make thy house my heart,
And scourge out of it each Mechanick part.

Neither let words that die when spoke,
Provoke
My Soul to think,
They'l sink
Into Oblivion,
As soon as They are uttered and gon.

Place a Sentinell before
My dore,
That by my Tongue
be song
No Anthem but Thy Praise,
Nor let it ever send forth other Laves.

Thus

Thus may my thoughts and words, which usher on
 My Deeds to Action,
 By Thy Divine Power purg'd from th' dross of Sin,
 Pave me a Golden Tract to Progress in :
 Which if thou crown with Grace too, let appear
 Dormant, yet watchfull, ceasing never heer.

Non est bonum ludere cum sanctis.

Mal. 4. 2.
 Luke 1. 78.
 Isa. 60. 1, 2.

*O*Mnis Caro moritur,
 Et Sol Iustitiæ Oritur,
 Proferens Sanitatem,
 Si volumus,
 In Alis;
 Quâ curet Vanitatem,
 Quam Colimus
 In malis.
 Ideo Qui timet Omen Inferni,
 Metuat Nomen Æterni;
 Et absit prævaricari,
 Si velis Sanari.

Ad Angliam in quinti Novembris
Feriam Annoalem.

*F*estum quid proferas Insula ? quid Diem
 Commemoratione dignam existimes
 Si Hanc prætereas ? in quâ Mirabilis
 Acta est benignitas Liberationis,
 Qualem qui comparet Antiquis seculis,
 Parem inveniat nusquam in Atavis,

Gigantum

Gigantum licet repetat Fabulam,
 Quâ Cælum Ipsum stultitiâ petitur;
 Mons super Montem palam ostenditur,
 Ast hic ad Centrum usque & Infernas
 Terrarum nigras itur Cavernas:
 Monet apertâ fronte malities,
 Sed caca jugulat, neque à pendente
 Malo, quam à periculo latente
 Tam dirum Nefas; munit Conditio
 In quâ prævalida stet admonitio.
 Serpens Innocuus dummodo tuendus,
 Quoniam Reptilis facile fugiendus
 Herbarum sub umbra conditus metuendus.
 Cui nec dissimiles Dolos fuisse
 Hos subterraneos, Quos latuisse
 Usque ad Vigiliam Diei festi,
 Memineris in quâ Manifesti
 Amoris Divini patuere Radii.
 O! si mihi faveat Arcadie
 Terra, vel Nemus, ut inveniam in Illis
 Quibuscum notare Diem: Lapillis,
 Uti mos Ve terum, nec mihi Rubro
 Tinctus sit Calamus atramento,
 Cum Luceat Dies & à sanguine Liberata:
 Nigroque carbone notata
 Nusquam Conveniat; nam licet Atra
 Machinatio Ista & Tartarea
 Frustravit Hanc Dominus, & Tenebrarum
 Orcum fugavit Lumine Gratiarum.
 Tutior Anglia ut in posterum sies
 Cordibus Gratis notetur Dies.

Quid maxime semper in votis habeat.

*Votis si faveant Numina servuli,
Peccatis Placeant parcere ; quantum
Parca Temporis & cedere posteris
Vitæ Limitibus velint
Texetur Melioribus
Telis in addant.*

*Contemptu in habeat Splendida Seculo in
Hoc Nugalia : nam in Vespere Condita est
Auroræ facies, nec rugit amplius,
Cum Nox adfuerit Dies
Lethi, sic Thalamis modo
Dormiet Omnis.*

*Dum mane est fugiat Machina Tartari,
Nec in Meridiem Sordida contrahat,
Vespertinaque tunc Tempora conspicit
Latus, Iudicium cupit,
Sperat Cœlica, at Improbus
Altera suadet.*

Times Mintage.

OF all the scattered Brood,
Or Brotherhood,
Drawn from Creations line,
To Blazon Providence divine ;
The Worm, the Snail,
The Ant, the Fly,
Best make discovery
What *Adam* did entail
On His posterity.

To dwell with Dust and Clay,
 Which Symptome may
 Mans Low condition,
 That without intermission
 Heaps up with care
 What here is got,
 And Ignorant knows not,
 These Transitory are,
 Nor shall endure, but rot.

What was *Domitians* game,
 Or th^t Sluggards shame,
 The Bloodless creeping beast
 Carries his house wherein to rest,
 Or Legless one,
 But Emblemer
 Of frailty, would infer
 Danger to be trod upon
 By every Passenger.

And doe we break our ease,
 To follow these?
 Fly at preferments pitch;
 And adding to our heaps grow rich
 In Muck and Slime?
 When 'tis our Soul
 Immortall should controul,
 And so Calcine our time
 From all such dross to Gould.

Which by afflictions tri'd,
 And worldly crosses purifi'd,
 Our Great Redeemer will apply
 His stamp to give it currency.

Parab.

In Divitem & Lazarum.

Luke 16.
19.

DIves Quidam Ingens, sed nondum Nomine Dignus,
 Purpureo Decoratus erat; Victuque Superbo
 Gaudet & Asiduis Dapibus; nec sumptibus ullis
 Parcitur, Ingluviem Quæis possit pascere Fædam,
 Sed Mare Consultitur Totum, & longinqua Potestas
 Terrarum excutitur; nec non Iunonia Regna
 Addunt Ingeniis cumulativæ præmia Mensis:
 Nec deerat, nisi Flammi ferens Ignisque futurus.
 Mortuus Iste tamen, ~~Sæpe~~ Lethali sepultus — *sorte*
 Dicitur — nil aliud —

Pauper & Alter erat, gracilis Quem buccæ reddit
 Spectandum Charitate Magis, nudisque lasertis,
 Frigidus ante fores procumbens Divitis, Omne
 Solatium à Canibus Lambentibus esse fatetur:
 (Non etenim blando hoc captanda est gloria seculo)
 Mortuus est etiam: Sed Quæis discrimine vita
 Dissimilis Fortuna fuit, His Mortis & idem:
 Nempe, Quod in fragilis gaudetur tempore mundi
 Vertitur in Lachrymas; Durissima quæque fuere
 Illius Arbitria, accipiunt pro munere Pectus.

Upon the Rich Glutton, and Poor Begger. . . Parable.

THere was a Certain Mighty Rich man, had
 No other name (in Scripture) although clad
 In Purple : who deliciously did fare
 Daily, for which there neither Cost nor Care
 Was spar'd, to feed his Gluttony with store,
 Of what the Seas could yeeld when Galed ore ;
 And whatsome'r both Earth and Air afford,
 Seem'd Heaped Tributes to his quainter bord :
 So that no Element to his desire
 Was Niggard, save what was reserv'd, the Fire.
 Yet this man Died, and on that sleepy score
 Was Buried — and no more----

There was an Other, whom spare Diet made
 More spectacle for Charity, being laid
 Naked and Cold before the Rich mans gate;
 Who full of sores, and all Disconsolate,
 Saving from what the licking Dogs apply,
 Concludes all this worlds pomp but flattery :
 Then He Dies too. But as in life these were
 Nothing akin, so in Diameter
 Death Their Condition states, for now'tt appears,
 What here was sown in Joy, there's reapt in tears ;
 And He who by hard Fate was here oppress'd,
 In *Abrams* Bosom finds an Interest.

A Reveille Mattin to my best Friend.

Lord, when the Casements of Mine eyes,
 To welcom in
 The Morn, first open'd are;
 Grant that my Heart may early sacrifice
 To Expiate for Sin,
 Prepare:
 And mustring up Thy Favours and Its Crimes,
 Cashiere the One, let th'other stand enroll
 To evidence at full that Time of Times
 Wherein Thou Ransom'dst me, who once was sold.

Let all the Drowfie Vapours preft
 My Fancy down,
 Dispell and give it way
 To rise betimes, and to be better drest;
 So Dignifie and Crown
 The Day
 With Anthems may set forth that Glorious flame
 Thy love burst out in, when my fault was so,
 I'd line for e'r benighted in the same,
 Hadst Thou not vanquisht and o'rcome my fo.

Cause (I beseech thee) that moist dew
 That falls upon
 My waking Temples tress
 By every yawn, Thy goodness taught to shew,
 An Exhalation
 Express,

Obeying

Obeying no heat / save what did proceed
 From that most Righteous Sun, whose beams alone
 Were of full Power to refine the deed
 Our Parents Drofs'd by their Corruption.

And as My Armes unfolded stand,
 To fathom out
 The Latitude, as't were,
 'Twixt the Beds either side Meridian:
 Let my Thoughts fore about
 That Sphere,
 Unparalield for Grace: and stretch to be
 Embracers of those Mercies did extend
 Beyond all sounding Plummet or degree,
 And thither all my Kids and Farlings send.

Thus tane by th' hand by His whose felt
 What mine deserv'd,
 I'm up; and straight perceive
 The Mornings Birth Bedew'd with his whose smelt
 All of Perfumes, and serv'd
 T' conceive
 Such Raptures in Me, that no part nor sense
 Could be at quiet, till it rose to make
 This Offering, and from a full influence,
 Inspir'd of Love, Dull Thanklesness t' forsake.

Now if my Eyes, my Heart, my Head, my Armes,
 Embrace, Contemplate, feeling, seeing Charmes,
 Where can this Exorcism trulier stay,
 Than on that Star which chang'd our Night to day?

Quid Amabilins.

IF I must needs Discover
 I am in Love: be Christ again my Lover,
 And let His Passion bring
 My Actions to their touch and censuring:
 Who in this world was born,
 Liv'd in it, and was put to death with scorn,
 That I to Sin might die
 Being born again, so live eternally:
 Thus I'll no longer make
 Addresses to my Glass for this Curles sake,
 Or that quaint garb, whereby
 I may enchanted be with flattery:
 Nor on Luxurious vow,
 Becircling Rose-buds seek to Gird my brow;
 But with a melting thought
 Bring home that Ransom whereat I was bought,
 In Contemplation
 Of that same Platted Crown He once had on.
 And when my Glove or Shoo
 Want Ribbond, Call for th' Nails that pierc'd Him too:
 Else farther to be drest,
 Borrow the Tincture of His naked brest:
 Nor wash, but in Soul Pride,
 Then use no other bason than His Side:
 So, up and ready, think
 How He, for Me, low in the grave did sink,
 That I again might rise
 With Him, who was both Priest and Sacrifice,
 To make atonement in
 The Difference 'twixt his Fathers wrath, Mans sin;
 Whereeto it must remain,
 That I through Faith requite this love again.

Caritidine relicta

itatis fruamur eternâ

Vitia vitemus utpote ad
mortem eternam des-
centia, & Amphoram
amplectemur aquæ
Cælestis.

in nobismetipsis necemus,

Vitia Resurrecti acquiramus.

Quare { imus per pœnitentiam pro peccato in nostro
Mor ipsorum Contemptum,
lamus per benevolentiam humilitatis ipsius
loriam.
sum habeamus,

sponsam videamus, { Ut deposito Terrestri
simus induti cum cælesti

Dum in { Luxuria &
Libidine,
Arrogantia &
Avaritia,
Tranquillitate
& Tyrannide

Et in ois in sepulchro Carnalibus,
deniq; m speretur frui spiritualibus.

consuetu
conquies

s de talibus dici potest

hic { sunt &
non enim { cū illis
surrecti { Anima
nostræ.

er & amplius,

ito ita Mortui fuerint

cum Christo quam certissimè resurrexe-

Place this after Page (70)

Yet knows more than he should, That he was nak'd,

K

And

7,

Luke 24.
5, 6.

Quare { Viventem
inter } quaritis? { Non Hic
Mortuos } enim } est.

Quia in { Luxuria &
Libidine, } Et in omnium
Arrogantia & deniq; malorum
Avaritia, } consuetudine
Tranquillitate } conquiescamus,
& Tyrannide } Et tamen { Salvatore &
Salvationem, } Denique quicquid bonorum ex
Veritatem & omni munificentia & singulari
Vitam, } providentia largiri dignetur
Immunitatem & Omnipotens, petere conemur;
Immortalitatem, } quid aliud nisi viventem inter
Mortuos querimus?

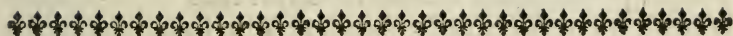
Mortis amaritudine relicta { Vita vitemus ut pote ad
mortem eternam des-
centia, & Amphoram
amplectemur aque
Celestis.

Nequitiam in nobismetipsis necemus,
Ut beneficia Resurrecti acquiramus.
Descendamus per penitentiam pro peccato in nostro-
rum ipsorum Contemptum,
Ut Ascendamus per benevolentiam humilitatis ipsius
in Gloriam.

Ut itaq; Sic responsum habeamus,
Quando Sponsam videamus, { Ut deposito Terrestri
semus induti cum celesti
Et sepositis in sepulchro Carnalibus,
Non illic speretur frui spiritualibus.

Sed verius de talibus dici potest { hic { sunt &
non enim { cū illis
Resurrecti } Anima
nostra.

Fælices ter & amplius,
Qui Peccato ita Mortui fuerint
Ut simul cum Christo quam certissime resurrexe-
rint.



The necessity and grounds of Faith.



AN in the state of Innocency, knew
 Nothing to fear (whom all things were set under)
 But was Created by perfections pattern,
 And so above all hopes : till he whose Pride
 Sent him like Lightning from the place of Blifs,
 To become Prince of Darknes, (which alone
 Proves Nurse to Envie and Maliciousness :)
 Drownd in his hopeless Fortunes, seeks all means
 To make fond Man partaker of his woe
 By Deprivation, not of Paradise
 Alone, but of the glorious Makers presence ;
 And of those Visions Beatificall,
 The Banishment from which, is Held to be
 The Chief of Torments threatned for degree :
 So 'twas decreed, to sharpen Satans Crime,
 Sweeten Gods Mercy : t' cause his Comforts less,
 Gods glory to appear by much the more ;
 And therefore mark how 't fals out ; Man's alone,
 So God provides him for Companion
 Part of himself, a help, but such, whose skill
 Fit to receive the subtil Serpents guile,
 And help to cheat too, when the subject's, Pride,
 Ambition, or the like, what ere's forbidden ;
 As straight betrays him to the greatest offence
 He could have faln in, Disobedience.
 Now whilst he seeks to know, hee's Ignorant,
 Yet knows more than he should, That he was nak'd,

Gen. 1. 26.

Gen. 1. 28.

Luk. 10. 18.

2 Pet. 2. 4.

Jude 6.

Rev. 20. 10.

Gen. 3. 24.

Gen. 4. 16.

Ezek. 1. 5, 15

Gen. 2. 20

Gen. 2. 23, 18

Gen. 3. 1,

5,

6.

7,

K

And

And so provides him Leaves to Cover that
 Which without Leave he thus was stript into,
 Nor rests he there secure ; it seems the guilt
 Of what he had done, presented as a glass
 His Souls deformity through Nakedness,
 In not beleeving God, (whose Voice but heard)
 10, They Boldly enter Thickets, though afraid :
 8, Hence may that Passion count its age, and then,
 What antidote prescribable, save hope,
 That still Looks forward, 'less in Promises
 Which calls the thoughts back, to see what shall come :
 And this must work by Faith, and Faith recall
 15, The first Seducers Doom, (to be o'come
Heb. 11. 2. By the same sexes Issue, was o'come first,
 Which is the substance of our wish'd Desires,
Rom. 8. 24. And Evidence of what each soul admires,
Job. 1. 16. Yet sees not, though thereby Salvation's wrought,
2 Cor. 1. 20. And Grace to win it ; Absence prompts the minde
Job. 3. 15, To Incredulity ; till faithfulness,
 16, Grounded upon those Promises ne'r fail)
Luke 23. 2, Assures it self of Pardon and forgiveness,
 24, Through him that was accus'd, condemn'd and died,
 46, Yet Lives to try, and Judge hereafter all.
Rom. 8. 34. By whose alone sufficiency of Merits,
1 Tim. 2. 5. And intercession as our Mediator,
 There is found ground and Ankerage for Hope
Ephes. 2. 9. To Stretch the Justifying Cable on ;
 When all that ever from our selves proceeds,
 Avails us nothing, but t' increase misdeeds :
 Yet as a Body without motion,
 Or spirits quickening, so Faith alone,
Jam. 2. 26. Without some operative concurrences
 Is Dead, not Lively, but a Dream or Shadow,

Chimera, or such like, wherein we seem
 To have some fancy-glimmerings of the truth,
 Yet not beleave it, nor so much awake
 As t' apprehend Christ and his benefits :
 So suit our works according to his will,
 Whose will it was to suffer that which we
 Deserved had : and t' undergo the wrath
 We justly had pull'd down upon our selves.
 The outward sense prevails much with our nature,
 And every one is apt to apprehend
 Some wonders thence : from Lightning, Thunder, Hail,
 The stormie Winds and Tempests (without doubt,
 Gods warning-peece) laden with Natures Cartridge,
 Whereat the very Heathen fear and tremble,
 And the Meer worldling is convinc'd thereby
 To think there is a God, whilst all the fruits
 And benefits the earth repays him with
 For all his sweat and labour, he ascribes
 Solely to th' Seasons temperature and bounty,
 Not thinking in whose Fist the deeps and hills are ;
 And Both (for Nature couples them) impute
 What ever good successes they obtain,
 Or health, strength, wealth enjoy, to Casualty,
 Chance, or Good Fortune, (as they call it) born
 To tread a few steps here, and then return
 They know not whither, they beleave still well :
 So how they should beleave well, scorn to Learn ;
 When on the contrary, that Soul subdues
 The motions of the sensuall appetite,
 Which causes surfet upon outward means,
 And fixes all Imagination
 Up to the Throne from whence all blessings rain,

1 *Thes.* 1.10.*Ephes.* 2.3.*Nero, &c.**Psal.* 95.4.*Luk.* 1.46.

49,

50,

51,

52,

53.

And Chastisements but drop, (yet so, as when
They mollifie, not with their often fall,
They surely doe confound and break withall,
Is in pursuance of the Makers praise,

Luke 23. 47. And contemplation of that work of Wonders,
Mar. 15. 39. Made the Centurion first think of God :

It doth beleeve the Sampler, and endeavour
To work it stitch by stitch, whereof such Love

John. 15. 13. Was never shewn before, begins the Thred,
Ephes. 5. 2. Humility and Meekness seconds it ;

Phil. 2. 8. Charity, Patience, and Long-sufferance

Mat. 11. 29. Winde up the Bottom: for these well Cast o're,

Job. 10. 11. Will perfect Faith, so that it need no more,

Rom. 2. 4. To Rise to him that did descend for Us,

And bring his Mercies down to take that rise by,

Mal. 4. 2. Craving his Healing Wings to Impe our Feathers,

That so we flagg not through Lazines

Towards what good is, nor yet make a plain-

Discovery that our quarry still is earth ,

But like the true-bred Chicken of the Eagle,

With rais'd up Beak behold the glorious Sun,

That Sun of Righteousness, till all the Dark

And misty Vapours that our sins had rais'd

Dispell and vanish at his Merits Rayes.

Ibid. *Jer.* 8. 22. No Balm from *Gilead* may refresh and heal

The festered sores of our Corruptions,

But such as that *Samaritan* applies :

For as our Leprousie through sin was grown

To a more cankered Infection

2 King. 5. 15, Then *Naman*, the *Assyrian's*, and *Gabhezies*:

27. There must another *Jordan* be found out

Zach. 13. 1. To work the cure; a Purple stream of blood

Flowing

Flowing out of a precious saving Side,
 To wash our Souls white, when apply'd by Faith;
 Not onely Seven times, but all that Time
 Alots us here to breath in: That Disease
 Compar'd to snow, being cur'd, resumes the flesh
 Of a young Infant: Here an Infants flesh
 And blood not spar'd, procures so bright a tincture,
 As that no snow can parallel for whiteness,
 The Lambs blood-washed Robes, wherein the Saints
 Are clad here, first by Christian faith and Grace,
 And therein drest, hereafter enter glory;
 So thenceforth shall we promise happiness
 Unto our selves in each condition;
 When our Assurance, for foundation,
 Hath the try'd Corner-stone, and all the fabrick
 Is pedestall'd upon those precious piles
 He bore, and bore him, bidding us bear after.
 And by which plenall satisfaction,
 The Vials of his Fathers wrath were stopt.
 God by reproof sends Sluggards to the Ant,
 Proud Courtlings to th' Riches of the fields:
 And why should we not think that we are taught
 By Love, to love again? were our hearts iron,
 A Loadstone might attract them, and (such Love is)
 Doe the milde Turtles so engage themselves
 By Natures mandate, That the loss of one,
 Denies the other benefit of Like?
 And shall we not resent that benefit
 Our Saviour purchas'd for us, quitting Life,
 To make ours sure for ever? Or, how is't
 We can survive, not droop and pine away,
 For our offence (which was the cause) we ought,

2 King. 5. 27,

14.

Luke 2. 21.

Job. 1. 29.

Rev. 19. 8.

Isa. 28. 16.

Luke 23. 26,

Phil. 2. 8.

Mat. 10. 38.

Rev. 16. 1.

Prov. 6. 6.

Matth. 6. 28.

Magnes Amor.
ris Amor.

2 Cor. 5. 15,

And

- 1 *Cor.* 15. 21. And the Dominion that sin hath o'r us,
 Else 'tis an other lesson Grace instructs,
Luke 24. 26. And that's to entertain his Sufferings
 1 *Pet.* 2. 24. As our enlargement, his Stripes, for our healings,
 Embracing all those Bounties with such Souls,
 May ready be to melt and to dissolve
 2 *Cor.* 6. 4. In tears contritionall for their Corruptions;
 5, Yet rais'd with Comfort of such Mercies, Riches,
 6, Be fruitfull in the works of Piety
 10. Henceforth, and praises of his holy Name
Ephes. 1. 23. Who is the Fountain, and must give the same,
John 4. 14. Unless with *Bartimeus* we were blinde,
Gen. 2. 7. How doe we not perceive the Clay we tread on,
 To be the substance whereof we were made :
 And by the Sun that Attom'd into Dust,
 Tells us but what we must dissolve into :
 Or like the Shadow represents us, see
 We not what 'tis, and what we all shall bee ?
 That in observance of our bubble Thoughts,
 We still aspire, and make our Fancies dance
 Within the Imaginary pool of Pride,
 Or sea of Self-conceit; This not of Eyes,
 But dimness of the Minde is too too bad,
 Wherewith bemisted in our apprehensions,
 We dream we fathom all perfections,
 And yet but grope after the least of truths,
 It may be in the twilight of our reason,
 We offer at obedience to instruction,
 And seek to be inform'd : If what we hear
John 3. 1, 4. Fly not beyond our pitch, (a great Professor,
 Master of Israel, once was gravelled
 Upon that Shelf) and 'twas through lack of Faith;

Had he but had so much, as t'have compar'd
 With that least Grain of all, no Mountain could
 Have bragg'd of firmness 'gainst his moving power. *Mat. 17. 20.*
 But to shew truly what esteem we ought
 To set upon our selves, 'tis here set down,
 When the prophetick Prince, and Prince of Prophets, *Psalms 22. 6.*
 Compares his Royalties but to a Worm;
 And by the best Authority can vouch, *Matth. 18. 3.*
 An innocent, and little harmless Childe
 Is plac'd for us to imitate: And those
 Who would aspire great blessings of salvation,
 For to be Last is First, and First but Last, *Mat. 20. 16.*
 Least greatest, greatest Least: Epitomise *Mark 9. 35.*
 Our selves, and we become voluminous *Luke 9. 48.*
 In Graces Library: when if we swell
 With pride of our own Worth, the smallest vent
 Un-winds that blather, blasting our intent:
 And that we may once more Example scan,
 Consider th' Pharisee and Publican. *Luke 18. 11, 12,*
 But if all these not serve to break our ston
 And iron hearts; mark what he Rode upon *3.*
 Into the City, who Salvation brings, *Zach. 9. 9.*
 And when he lifts rides on the Winds swift wings. *Psalms 18. 10.*
 Doth the least cross or rubb we meet withall,
 Set our whole little world afire, and raise
 Tempestuous motions to disturb the rest
 And quiet of our Souls: Prompting revenge?
 And yet behold, our Food and Raiments friend
 Led to the slaughter, Dumb, and to the Shearers
 Without an angry Bleat to shew distaste!
 Are we to frozen-handed, that we fear
 To open any help to those that need,
 Upon this scruple, lest thereby we seem

To break the Ice for Merit to start out at,
 So seek to share with him in whom all Lies,
Gal. 5. 6. As if we knew not that our Faith were lame,
1 Cor. 13. 1. Without this Grace for to support the same;
 And that if in his Name who fed the hungry,
 Cur'd the diseased, heal'd both Lame and Blinde,
 Administring (whilst here he was amongst us)
Luke 19. 9. All comforts, for our imitation
 And pattern to walk by) we doe refresh
Deut. 15. 7. Any the sons of *Abraham* with water,
Mat. 25. 40. A Mite or Ragg may help necessity,
Luke 16. 9. He will accept it, as to him 'twere given,
 And the reward or recompence is Heaven.
 Call we to Minde when mov'd to any wrath,
 How many wayes we daily doe transgress
 Our gracious Gods decrees, who as the fardell
 Or master Feather of his Mercies wings,
 To raise them above all his other Works,
 Abounds in Patience, and delays due Judgment,
 To favour our Repentance with more time,
Mat. 26. 67. Never forgetting, how He bore the Taunt
Mark 14. 65. That whited Wall cast on him, nor the Buffet,
Luke 22. 63, Scourging, or Spittings on, all that disgrace,
 64. Envie, and Malice could contrive for us
Mar. 15. 17, Who had deserv'd no less; and then perchance
 18. Such Lessons may procure our temperance.
 To suffer is a double kinde of phrase,
 For so he did that died for us, yet still
 'Tis through his sufferance that we are alive,
 And suffered to enjoy one benefit;
 Whilst by our Evil wayes, what in us lies
 We crucifie the Lord of Life each houre:

As when our thoughts forge mischief on our beds,
 Are not his temples Crown'd anew with thorns ?
 Our hands that should be open to Relieve,
 If that they graspe more than our own, so thieve
 Or work oppression : and our feet are swift
 In shedding Blood too : how doe such again
 Nail his unto the Crosse? our tongues are tipt
 With poyson'd Envies and Maliciousness,
 False lying, slanders, all that's impious,
 Tuning our Lips to Blasphemy, and loose
 Unfavoury talk. Doe they not seem to spit
 On him afresh ? tearing that window open
 With our spear-pointed Discord, that let in
 The Gall-less Dove brought the true branch of Peace
 And Reconcilement, whilst from thence did flow
 A Crimson shower of pure Compassion,
 And satisfying Mercy in the height,
 His Side (I mean) that like *Noes* Ark had been
 Our safeties from the Deluge wrought by him,
 And now Remains our pledg, that those that flie
 Unto that Sanctuary never Die.
 We through our Natures weakness, not of power
 To give the Least of Sufferings resistance,
 Although we promise fair, as *Peter* did,
 May here be taught to trust so far to Faith,
 Not that proceeds from vain security,
 Lest then the Crowing-Cock give us the lie ;
 But such whereby we are Regenerate,
 And Justify'd, more than bare Law could promise,
 As to o'come the great'st temptation,
 And judge the Buffetings of Satan Blessings ;
 The World, the wilderness, and Every high

Psal. 36. 4.*John* 19. 34.*Luke* 22. 33,
34.*Rom.* 3. 28.*Matth.* 4. 1.
8, 9.

Conceit of our own worths we are tickled with,
 To be the Mount : Superlative designs,
 As when we pry too far into Gods Ark,
 And sift those Mysteries, 'neath the Cherubs wings,
 We seem upon the Temples Pinnacles.
 Thus travailing like Pilgrims here a while,
 Nothing but dangers and vexations,
 Allurements through enticing change, betrays
 Us to the snares of His precipit ways,
 Whose Art destructive by enchantments power,
 Seeks to encompass us within that circle
 He fell himself into through presumption :
 Which to eschew, whilst Gods long-suffering, patience,
 And charity shewn to his handy work :
 His meek Humility, and chief of graces,
 Favours us with forbearance ; Let's come home

Whilst 'tis to Day, (for who can tell to
 whom

Psal. 95. 8.

Heri vidi Fragile frangi, } Sen. trag.

Hodie vidi Mortalem mori. }

Quem Dies vidit veniens Superbum,

Hunc Dies videt rediens Jacentem, Ibid.

The morrow shall belong?) and in that
 way,

Tract by the Prodigall i'th Parable,

Luke 15. 13.

Seek out our Fathers face with love and meekness,

18, And we are sure of his embracing Armes.

19, For though through Natures subtilty we have been,

20, As 'twere, hid deep within the caves of Earth,

Buried in Worldly cogitations;

Rom. 5. 6, 8.

The Merchant of our Souls did spare no pains

Nor cost in myning through the earths dark vains

To purchase us, so brings again to light.

Yet as pure Gold requires the Finers art,

And Diamonds polishing, and to be cut :

So here He past the Furnace, and became

Chief Jewe'ler, for 'twas the Blood o'th Lamb,
 Not of he-Goats could serve; and if we grinde
 Our selves for Sin to powder, we'r Refin'd
 So as at first we were, unman'd by her
 Should be our help; that still she might so prove
 God brings't about, no other Vessell serves
 To entertain a ghest of so great price,
 As that must Ransome all the world besides,
 But of that Sex; and though the news at first
 Strook terrour and amazement, afterwards
 It was sole Remedy against fear: for as
 The name of *Cesar* to the Seaman once,
 Prov'd of security, sufficient
 To make him put to Sea: So here the Virgin
 Assured that 'twas *Emmanuel* she carryed,
 Gave *Ioseph* courage not t'abandon Her;
 But casting Anchor on those promises,
 To become full of Faith, and by what ere
 The Lord suggested In that Course to steer.
 Thus was time brought abed of what its young
 And tender Infancy had onely shewn
 By Revelation to the Patriarchs,
 Prophets, and men of God; and which now past,
 Upon these latter Times by Faith is cast:
 So he that was before all time begun,
 Came in the fulness, and remains a Son
 To mediate with the Father, that our fears
 Cancell'd by Faith, we might become Coheirs.

Heb. 10. 4.

Heb. 9. 12.

The sacrifices of the Old,
 but shadows of the New.

A Diamond dissolvable
 by Goats blood, and to be
 cut with the help of its own
 powder.

Luke 1. 28.

29.

Quid Times?

*Cesarem &
 fortunam suam
 vebis, Luca.*

Matth. 1. 23,

24.

Gen. 12. 3.

Isa. 7. 14.

John 3. 15.

Gal. 4. 4, 5.

1 Tim. 2. 5.

1 Sam. 17.

26, 36.

Psal. 3. 6.

Bona	Regni Terreni	Potestas Honor Divitie Delicia:	quibus op- ponuntur	Infirmetas Ignominia Paupertas Luctus.
	Regni Cælestis	Hæc		Illis.
			Temporaria sine Sempiterna.	

Joyes Flitting Pleasures, Transitory Lie,
 Accompanied with much Infirmities
 Below here: whilst without th' allay of wo,
 Heav'n for eternity doth those bestow.

The Brazen Serpent.

THE world's a Wilderness, and Man therein
 Exposed to the bite and sting of Sin,
 Whose wages, Death, from that same curse began,
 Ushering in need of a Physician:
 Then did the Great Creator of Mankind
 (And all things else) a ready Balsame finde
 To cure those wounds, corrupted Nature so
 Contracted had for its own overthrow:
 Whose Mercy by a Type, at first invites
 Unto belief the stiff-neck'd Israelites,
 Brings *Moses* into credit as they pass,
 By setting up a Serpent made of Brass,
 To foil Sin at's own weapon, and to bring
 The future hopes of our recovering

By Him alone who lifted on the Tree,
 A curst Death endur'd to set us free;
 His goared Head, Pierc'd Side, and Hands and Feet,
 With Crown of Thorns, and Spears, and Nails did meet,
 That we might tread on Carpets, and become
 Coheirs with Him in truest Elizium:
 That bitter Cup he did vouchsafe to pledg,
 For us whose teeth by sower grapes set on edg,
 Were almost helpless; must incite us on,
 To seek the liquor of salvation.
 Taste Vineger and Gall here first, and be
 Greatly Ambitious of humilitie;
 Cast down our selves for him was rais'd for us,
 If we desire to rise Glorious.
 Bear Crosse, be rob'd and hurt, shame undergo,
 Passe from *Ierusalem* to *Iericho*,
 There meet with theeves, no healing hopes we can
 Expect, but from This true *Samaritan*.

Good Fridays Reveille, or on the Passion.

Salutis Cataplasmus.

MAY we call this Dayes task to minde,
 And prove we to each other still unkinde?
 Doth Passion bear o'r Reason sway,
 Making us quite neglect this Passion day?
 Why are we suffer'd so to err,
 As not t'remember our Great Sufferer
 In Praises due? who whilst he dies,
 Shews what He'd have us doe for Enemies,
 Forgive them first; for thus He sues
 Unto His Father for the curst Jewes:

Next, whatsoever Crosses come,
 To be like Sheep before the Shearers, dumb;
 Or Lambs unto the Slaughter led
 In Meekness, not with fury hurried:

Then through that Conflict he endur'd,
 If humbly we beleeve we shall be cur'd;

For it falls short in other art,
 To frame a remedy for such a smart,
 As from the sting of doing amiss,
 In following Sin to death here heap'd up is;

And to apply this Plaister, lay it on,
 There needs no Others hand, save Faith's alone.

On Easter-day. 1648.

*Death, where is thy sting?
 Grave, where is thy victory?*

E Ach thing below here hath its day,
 As in the Proverb's said;
 And so it comes to pass that they
 Conquer are Conquered.
 For He who for mans fault assign'd
 Death, and a Graves reward,
 Was pleas'd those bands for to unbind,
 And so himself not spar'd,
 But issuing forth his heav'nly throne,
 Vouchsafes the Earth to bless,
 And became here a little One
 To make our Crimes goe less:
 Not that our disobedience can
 In weight or measure shrink;

But

But that this Great Physitian
 Before us takes the drink,
 That bitter Portion we had
 Deserv'd to quaff, and thus
 He weeps Himself, and becomes sad
 To purchase Joy for us.
 And more than so: for every one
 Will for his friend lay down
 Some spark of love: but he alone
 His Enemies to crown
 Refus'd not Death; so deep from high
 His Mercies did extend;
 And if you ask the reason why,
 'Twas meer for Mercies end.
 Yet that grim Death and mouldy Grave
 No longer be His Prison,
 Than He himself alone would have,
 He 'bides not there, but's risen.
 And if we would as Conquerors rise
 With him who vanquish'd those,
 We must not fear where danger lies,
 For Him all to expose:
 But though the Grave doe open stand,
 And persecutions reign,
 At Hels desire and Deaths command,
 Look on our Sovereign,
 His Banner doth präsent the Cross
 He bore, and bare Him too
 For us; and we must count it loss
 To fail what he did do.
 Thus Sin and Hell, the Grave and Death
 Must quit the field and fly,

Whilst in contempt of borrow'd breath,
 We'd live Eternally.
 Thrice happy day whereon the Sun
 Of Righteousness did rise,
 And such a glorious Conquest won,
 By being our Sacrifice :
 And as unhappy He, that shall
 Not finde the white and best
 Of Stones to mark the same withall,
 And priz't above the rest.

To Prince CHARLES, in April, 1648.

Upon the hopes of his Return.

S Eems not the Sun more Glorious in his ray,
 When as the Cloud that shadowed's blown away ?
 Is not each beam He darts then truly said,
 Of triple heat after being sequestred ?
 The Crimson streaks belace the Damaskt West,
 Calcin'd by night, rise pure Gold from the East,
 And cast so fair a Dapple o'r the Skies,
 That all the Air's perfum'd with Spiceries :
 And shall we think when Jealousie and fear
 Are out of Breath, the Day of hope's not near ?
 Doth it not bloom already, and untie
 That stubborn knot of Incredulity ?
 When blossomes fall, we say our Trees are set,
 But so, as may a womb of fruit beget.
 Thus when the clumisie Winter doth incline
 His candid Icicles, for to resign

To *Flora's* beauty, and the Spring drives on,
 T'oretake Maturity's perfection,
 The Cold so tyrannised had o'r blood,
 Is thaug'd, and each enjoys new livelyhood :
 The Mariner meeting a stress of weather,
 That with his Shrowds and Tackle shakes together
 His apprehensive thoughts, till they are spent,
 And nought but Death and danger represent :
 With what a full Sea of content doth he
 Making a Coast embrace security?
 These, and much more, Illustrious Sir, become
 The Issues of your little Martyrdome,
 With whom all good and Loyall hearts did bring
 Ambitious heat to joyn in suffering ;
 For Seas prove calm when as the storm is ore,
 And after Cold, warmth is of Comfort more.
 Best Diamonds may have foyles ; mistakes have gon
 To blemish ; yet rais'd disposition
 More splendid in esteem ; no more to say,
 You are the *Aprill* to our future *May*.

To Easter Day.

WElcome Blest Day, whereon
 The Sun
 (Not of the Spheres alone)
 Did rise,
 But that of Righteousness, who shon
 Our True-Light, was our Sacrifice.

For 'thad been night
 With us,
 Dark, Everlasting, Dismall, Vaporous,
 Entail'd from our first Parents Appetite :-
 Till by the Power and Might
 Of this Light of the world, our Shades took flight..

Death, Hell, the Grave
 That ever Crave
 And never satisf'd appear,
 No longer their Dominions have,
 Sithence vanquish'd by this Conquerer,
 Who doth enlighten every faithfull Sphere.

Now that each Orb consenting prove
 The while,
 And trulier might feel those comforts move
 From so Great Light, such precious love
 We must reflect, and back recoil,
 To see what either hath in's Lamp of Oil.

For without Doubt
 Their share is Darknes, let their lights goe out:
 And where agen
 Ones light doth shine through vertues before Men,
 'Tis True Divinity,
 Our Heav'nly Father's Glorifi'd thereby.

Soliloquium ad Salvatorem.

*Quid in Me conspicuum
Nisi Vitium?*

*Quid in Tua facie
Nisi Gratia?*

*Peccans ab Originale,
Non vult adhuc nisi Male.*

*Sed qui Tempus antecedit
In Tempore Seipsum dedit;*

*Vile Lutum,
Fit Pollutum.*

*Sanguine lavare,
Emundare.*

*Quanam est conceptio Mentis? vana,
Seu Prophana:*

*Ast, quod caro factum fuit
Verbum, instruit:*

*Verba sed (Hen) nostra ventis
Parent; non rationi Mentis:*

*Dum quod scriptum est loquutus
Qui & victus, & solutus:*

*Facere nec quidquam lubet
De Illo, quod Ipse jubet.*

*Qui pro Illis quos creavit,
Nulla pati denegavit.*

*Verba Facta
Cor Correeta
Fac sint,
Qui pro summa Lande,
Vacuus est ab omni fraude.
A M E N.*

The true Bread of Life. John 6. 48.

BRead is the staff of life, and life's the scope
Of every mans desier, aime, and hope;
Yet He who was the spoil of Death (for so
The Syriack renders him) yeelded thereto.

Lev. 26. 26

Gen. 5. 25.

And after more than any else e're saw
 Of Years and Dayes, did at the last withdraw,
 To shew the frail condition here beneath
 Of those who in their Nostrills bear their breath :
 So that compar'd unto Eternall bliss ,
 A Shadow, Bubble, Span, all Emblem This.
 Why then should Thoughts be tost to Court such Clay,
 But that Our natures mandate we Obay?
 And may doe so, whilst appetite puts on
 No other garb 'save Moderation :
 The bounty *Ceres* from her Golden Ear
 Scatters to blest, the painfull Labourer,
 Comes from above too, yet when ground and bread,
 'Tis but our Tabernacle's nourished,
 And that but for a while ; the Soul must be
 Beholding to an Other Grainarie ;
 Not that which *Moses* Prayer caus'd to fall
 To satiate the Israelites withall ;
 Nor of such Barley-loaves grew once on earth,
 2 *Kings* 4. 42, 43. Wherewith *Elisha* fed some in a Dearth :
 These might have hunger after ; but Those blest
 With the True batch of Life may ever rest
 So satisfi'd, as with the height of store,
 For such shall never need to hunger more,
 But an Eternall life enjoy, wherein
 No dearth or famine is, save that of Sin :
 Plenty and Joyes for evermore dispose
 Themselves to be the Comforters of those.
 And whilst our Faith makes that a life indeed,
 The other seems to trust a broken reed.
 Afflictions sowre that Temporall bread with Leaven,
 Which this is freed of, for it comes from Heaven.

A Carroll.

When we a Gemm or Precious stone have lost,
Is not the fabrick or the frame

Of Fancy busied, and each thing tost

And turn'd within the room?

Till we the same

Can finde again, Is't not a Martyrdom?

Doth Vanity affect us so: yet are

We slumber-charm'd, nor can employ

A thought that backward might reduce, so farre,

Lively to represent

Our Misery,

Who fell, and thus incurr'd a Banishment?

Shall we leave any corner Reason lends

To give sense light, unsought, untry'd?

To finde how far our Liberty extends,

And how refound we were

Re-edify'd

By th' Shepherd, and by th' Son o' th' Carpenter?

May not this skill and love in him, require

The white and better stone to Mark,

And t'raise this time above all others higher,

Wherein He came (though Light)

Into the Dark,

For to restore unto Mankinde its light?

Most sure it will: and where neglect denies.

To be observant of this Day,

It proves not onely forfeiture of eyes,

But all parts seem asleep

Or gone astray:

So's the house again unbuilt, and lost the sheep.

Tragi-

Tragicomœdia vitæ Humanæ.

*O*Rimur & Morimur,

Mors & Nativitas simul introeunt :

*Quid ergo Gloria Mundi Istius?
Verum Theatrica ingredi scilicet,
Egredi que semper, Mos fuit vetus,
Est etiam hodie, eritque, donec
Postrema scena peragenda est, in quâ
Simul Omnes iterum partes ut agant prodierint :
Lævaque acies multis Miseriis
Finem imponeat suæ Tragædia ;
Dextrum Cornu dum in Choreis
Sponsi resonent Epithalamium :
Ambo Epilogum Tragicomœdiæ
Narrent, dum manet Ambos Conclusio.*

In Horologium.

*M*Entitur celeri facilis rota tempora cursu,
Et properans Tardam præterit Illa Diem :
*Sic Horam Alatam superet modo Plumbea virtus,
Cum juret in stimulos pondere pressa suos.
Fallere quam facile est dum non sentitur, amisso
Pondere tarda rota est, tempora sed fugiunt.
O ! mihi sic Liceat prudenti Corde fugaces
Annumerare Dies, ut mihi Pondus erit.
Sic possem subito vitam disponere seculo,
Ut renovet Claram Candida sera Diem.*

The Tragicomedie of Mans life.

Here One is born, and there an Other dies,
 Nativity and Obsequies

Enter at once; What then is all

 This worlds Pomp, but Theatricall ?

For to come out, and to goe in

Hath evermore the Custom been,

And will be till the latter scene

Summons us all at once again.

Then shall the Left-hand file in Miserie,

Shut up the story of their Tragedie :

 Whilst with a Chorus the Right wing

The Bridegrooms Epithalamie doth sing,

 Both giving a Catastrophe

Unto this Tragicomedie.

Upon a Clock.

THe swifter lying Wheel o'r-runs the Day,

 Would make it seem as guilty of Delay;

And the wing'd hour out-stretch as conquered

In swiftnes, by the Plummetts weight of lead :

 The fallacy is easie, for admit

 That weight were off, then time would out-fly it.

O let my sitting dayes so numbred be

By a wise heart, they prove of weight to me :

So may I life dispose, that in the end

By setting bright, it may a clear Day send.

Quid Vita Vera, Quænam Mors certissima.

<i>Soli vivunt —</i>	<i>Qui in Christo vivunt.</i>
<i>Soli Mortui —</i>	<i>Qui in Peccato remanent.</i>
<i>Seducit in Tentationem</i>	<i>Vivificat per sui Ipsius oblationē.)</i>
<i>(Vipere Conditionis nostre)</i>	<i>(Vipere Milerie nostre & Misericordiæ)</i>
<i>Æmulus Satanas</i>	<i>Patris quam Memor Christus.</i>
<i>Veram igitur ut Vitam habeamus,</i>	
<i>A Peccato dehinc abstineamus.</i>	
<i>Moriamur itaque —</i>	<i>Non in sed à Peccato;</i>
<i>Ut Fruamur Vita —</i>	<i>Quæ sit & in & à Domino.</i>

Upon a very wet S. Stephens day.

GOD would his Saints should be bemoan'd,
So the day weeps for Stephen ston'd.

**In Diem Circumcisionis ad Adamum five
totam humani Generis stirpem.**

*Luke 2.21. Circumcissus erat, Legi sic paruit olim,
Ut parat invitis Pilea certa suis:*
*Gal. 2.4,5. Et Novus in vetulo dignatur Parvulus Orbe
Vivere, Nos animis Vestiat Ille novis.
Tempora sic fugiant, Magna est Mutatio secli,
Non Mutare, suas mutet Adamus Opes.*

Vpon

Upon Easter day.

SIn buried Soul awake and rise,
 Let not the Conquered More
 O'r thy Affections Tyrannize :
 All that This world affords for Ore
 But Droffie is, nor the least Mite
 Of happines in Flehly Appetite.

The Devill from the first was styl'd
 A Lyer, and hath still
 Improv'd His malice, so beguil'd
 Us as our Parents to his will ;
 Each Word we utter, Thought conceive,
 Or Act, all serves but t' help him to deceive.

No marvail then if Thou wer't bound,
 When 'twas a Threefold Cord,
 A Trident mischief that doth wound,
 Requires a Treble Patience to afford
 Relief : with which we here were sped,
 When th'Womans Seed did break the Serpents head.

First 'twas One God in three Compact,
 Vouchsaf'd to work this Cure,
 Though't seem'd the Sons alone, this Act,
 Both Father and Spirit were there most sure :
 For 'tis without Contention,
 All Three in One work'd Mans Redemption.

N

They

They were three Wisemen from the East
 Conducted by a Starr,
 Refus'd no Travail for this Guest,
 But came with Presents from afarr,
 To Court Heavens Munificence
 With Gold, with Myrrh, and Frankincense.

Those three indeed bewitch our sence,
 And what could Men bring rather?
 Faith was in Infancy, and thence
 It chose to suit the Gift, I gather,
 As whereby t'shew what Dawning 'tis
 That Entertains the Blossomes of our Bliss.

The Fruit comes after: and that was,
 When He who knew no sin,
 Condemned, yet contented as
 A malefactor Great had bin,
 Not onely Born, but born to bear
 Our Crimes, became for men a Sufferer.

Suffer He did, and was interr'd,
 And shall fond man refuse
 To Die for Him; or be afeard
 To bear, nay, t'see his cross, and chuse
 Rather to pass a moments pleasure
 Here, than partake of such a lasting Treasure?

Shame Rouse us, and as He did sleep
 Three Dayes within the Grave:
 So let our Sins be buried deep,
 That They no more Dominion have;
 Nor hang like Plummets on our thighs,
 When with our Blessed Saviour we should rise. Who

Who for our sakes this Conquest won
 O'r Hell, the Grave, and Death,
 Three that fought Mans Confusion;
 Till Man-with-God-unite, beneath,
 So far prevail'd, as first to Die,
 Then Rose again to Crown the Victorie.

Christ alone the Author and finisher of our Faith.

W Hilst we beleeeve (no more) we but resemble
 The Devils, for Those doe so too, and tremble.
 He who for Mans redemption was sent,
 Will be of true Faith the accomplishment,
 As well as framer; and assurance gives,
 Though yet unseen, of Large Prerogatives,
 As to become Coheirs in that estate
 Which He did purchase for th'regenerate:
 No Others to be quoted are, but all
 Authors besides This One, Apocryphall:
 He opens to's the door to true Beleef,
 Who seeks t'come in another way's a Theef.

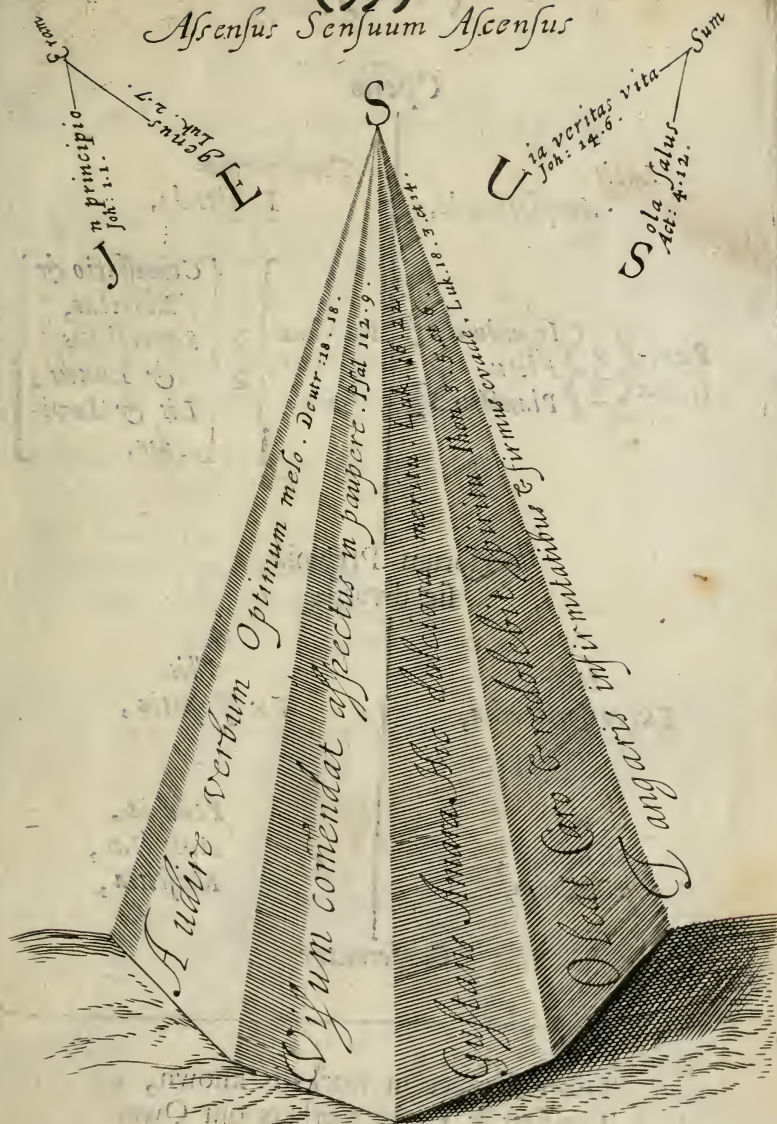
Upon a Thanksgiving day for a Victory.

T RUE Victory, on Fames wings taught
 To fly aloft,
 So covers all the Plash
 Or Stream wherein her falser tydings wash,
 That none of them more rise,
 Upon our Faiths to Tyrannise,
 But put to plunge what shift to trie,
 Shunning the Hawks pounce, meet the Pole, so die.

Now as In Aqueducts, the source
 Must guide the Course,
 And to the same degree,
 Heighthen the reach of its humiditie;
 So 'tis but just and even,
 That Benifons sent down from heaven,
 Should thither rise again in praise,
 And fill each Kalendar with Holidayes.

Not such as wont make red-Ink dear,
 Charging the year
 In memory, t'express
 This or that Man's a Saint, could go no less.
 But by duties t'show
 Our Thanfulness, and what we owe;
 As from that Place alone we can
 Conclude our spring of Blessings first began.

Thus whilst for praise we set apart
 Both Day and heart,
 And sweetly doe embrace
 Gods mercies meeting in his holy place;
 'Thout question He'l go on
 To perfect the Conclusion,
 And crown the Conquest farther, so
 That that ne'r more be our friend, He deems foe.



Gloria Pyramidum sileat Memphitica: sensus
Pyramide ad Dominum quâ libet ire potest.

Opera

*Lucis**Amplectenda,**Tenebrarum**Fugienda,**Pœni-
tentia*} *scilicet*{ *Ieiunium*
Fletus
Planctus} *Joel 2. 12.**Nocturnæ
Securita-
tis,*} *scilicet*{ *Comessatio &
Ebrietas,
Scurrilitas
& Luxus,
Lis & Invi-
dia.*} *Rom. 13. 13.*Quorum Præmia
sic diverse;*His**Ex Misericordia,**Illis**Ex Iustitia,**Copia,
Hilaritas,
Gaudium,**Penuria,
Anxietas,
Mæstitia,**Conferuntur.*

This difference in works is known, -
The first is Gods, t'others our Own.

My Embassie.

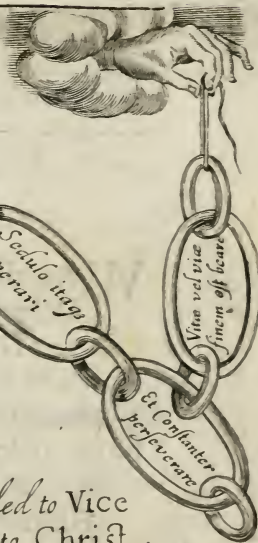
Aliter cum Domino & cum Principibus Mundi
istius negotiandum.

Votum Deo si mandatur,
cor gemitibus rumpatur,
si T ocellis fons, in ore
feruens precis, cum amore
eleeMosynentur Manus,
Nec Legatus rediet vanus.

Forma Cordis, sed infecti
iuvet, os pictura recti,
ne C blandities parcetur,
donUm dum præmeditetur,
Sub alternum Regem satis,
Flectent Ista Quem nil gratis.

Catena

Catena Causarum ad Salutem
pertinentium



Mans Hart's Joe linkt to Sin wedded to Vice
It needs a Chayne to bring it unto Christ .

The Seed of the Woman breaks the Serpents head.

- (1) Pegasus. (1) *Alipes Astra petens (sic Fabula) gramina rumpit,*
 (2) Helicon. *In Fontes Montis (2) Culmina versa fluunt :*
 (3) Horat. *Siccantes (3) Vatum satiantur (4) Nectare vena,*
 Ovid. Ar. *Ne careant animis (5) Carmina digna suis.*
 (4) Hippocren. *Nec careant dum (6) vera subit victoria, frangit*
 (5) Ob id ani- *Serpentem (7) soboles qui Mulieris erat :*
 mas quasi ha- *Vnde fit ut cunctis virtutum Flumina manant,*
 bere dicuntur *(8) Vatidicis (9) Cunctos præmia dumque manent,*
 urpote & im- *(10) Diluit & (11) siccos, sic Pulvere (12) spargit amorem,*
 mortalia quo- *(13) Purpureum: (14) fidas & (15) Diadema capis.*
 danimodo
 videntur, &
 Immortales
 etiam creasse :
 nam, Dignum Laude virum Musa vetat mori. (6) Luke 1. 31. (7) Genesis 3. 15.
 (8) Luke 1. 70. 1 Pet. 1. 10. (9) Matth. 10. 41. & 5. 12. (10) 1 Cor. 6. 11.
 (11) Genus ab humo humanum, & adeo in Peccatis volutum, ut omni Gratiarum succo
 profusus vacuum videatur.
 (12) Gen. 3. 19 (13) Luke 22. 44. John 19. 34. (14) 2 Pet. 1. 3. (15) 1 Pet. 3. 4.
 Christi Passio induit fideles Purpurâ: Resurrectio vero & ascensio Coronam addunt Victo-
 riæ, ut ita Secum Reges etiam sinus participesque Patris Gloriæ.

A Carroll.

Luke 2. **W**As all the world by *Cæsar* tax'd to know,
 What wealth each Country, City, house could show?
 Did that Decree extend but just so far
 As where *Cyrenius* was Governor?
 Yes sure, where e'r the *Roman* power bore sway,
 None could dec ine the Doom of *Syria*.
 So can't to pass, that He of *David's* stem,
 Hast'ned from *Nazareth* to *Bethlehem*

With

With his espoused *Mary*, and got there
 Of what's before time, Time's th'accomplisher :
 Nor would the Darknes of those *Dayes* confess
 A currency unto such Preciousness ;
 But house and City, Countrey, all three seem
 To cast upon those Guests the Low'st esteem;
 And so the other Strangers well may be,
 Shuffle these Friends into the Ostlerie.

What doe we less, whilst Emperour-like each one
 Bears o're his lesser world Dominion,
 And freedome hath to tax each Sense, to bring
 Its best of treasure to this Offering :

Yet as asleep, or blinde with Natures light,
 We learn to court all Objects save the right :
 And whilst those houses should 'been tricked ore
 For Him alone, they'd let in Sin before :

The Cities of our hearts possesst with vice,
 Will not change garison at any price ;
 So what the Region of our Souls can grant,
 Is, t'appear rich in ill, all good to want :
 Yet though this Province, Fort, and Sconces all
 Taken, betray'd, and under Satans thrall ;
 'Tis not presum'd, but that by Faith being led,
 All these may eas'ly be recovered,
 Nay, all are won already to that brest,
 Prepared is to welcome this new guest.

In Sanctum Stephanum Protomartyrem pati-
 entem & duritiem Cordium Judæorum Lapidantium.

*M*artyrii dum prima Petris sua Laurea vincit,
 Saxea Saxosi Corda Manusque gerunt.

To New-years Day.

IF Eagles shifting but their Bills, have made
 Their youth return, so years seem retrograde;
 And, if't be true, that every change of Skin
 To th'creeping brood, doth a new age begin:
 Or whilst th'eleven Months like food appear
 To satiate the hungry *Ianivere*.

Why should not man this Riddle too unfold,
 And be renew'd by putting off the Old?

**Armamenta ad oppugnandos Hostes, Carnem
 scilicet, Mundum, & Satanam, Maxime necessaria.**

*V*erus Christianus sit,

Ephes. 6.
 11. &c.

Veritate Cinctus

Institiâ armatus,

Pacis Calceamento vinctus,

Salvatione Galeatus,

Super Omne, Fidei scutum

Cum Spiritus Ense reddent tutum,

Nec deesse potest Ei,

Unquam Anchora Firma spei.

Heb. 6. 19.

Charitas

Coronat.
Jam: 1. 12.

Lætificat:
Ecclus: 22. 23.

Comparat:
Jho. 5. 24.

Consolatur
Rom: 15. 5.

Armat:
1. Thes 5. 8.

Salvat:
Luk. 1. 77.

Nobilitat:
Verè

Justificat:
Act: 13. 39.
Rom: 3. 28.



In stead of Jacobs Ladder heer is one
To teach thee how to goe to heav'n upon,
His in a Dream did Angels represent
Passing both from and to the Firmament
But this applide unto thy Heart will guide
Thee broad awake, to thy Redeemers side.

Amasse Licuit, Quem peccasse pœnituit.

U^T in initio Annorum
Inscii,
In Hamum
Satane,
Et Improvidi
Incidimus :

Ita Malorum Nostrorum
Conscii,
Ramum
Salvationis
Fide
Capiamus :

Tunc — Spes Libertatis erit — si non
amplius nimis — Cura Peculi.

**Quid proficiet homini si totum Mundum
lucreretur, & perdat Animam suam?**

Quæ sibi lucra facit Fragilem Qui comparat Orbem
Totum, Animam cûmque Hic perdat & Ipse suam?
Nulla salus Terris, Brevis & mundana voluptas,
Cœlicolis nulla est turbida perpetuò,
Præferat immeritis Hæc splendida Lubrica Nugis,
Terrestris superûm nulla valoris erint.

Ad quandam tam Potentia quàm Intelligentia
& Doctrina, Divitiis æquè ac Nobilitate &
honoribus præditum.

Ingeniosus Homo es, nec quisque Potentior Orbe
Ditior & nullus, Nobiliorve fuit:
Partibus eximiis juncta est Vigilantia fortis,
Nec deerat titulis Copia magna tuis.
Hoc tantum si scire placet (me iudice) restat,
Ut reddas Domino quæ tibi Cuncta dabat.

English'd:

Thou art a witty man, nor's every one
I th' world for Power thy Companion;
In Birth and Riches all thou dost outfly,
And exc'lent Parts back'd with Authority.
On Thy arrears this only now may fall,
Thou spend these to His praise who gave them all.

Temporibus hisce Maxime discendum.

Facile credimus quod volumus:
Velimus igitur Bona,
Et statim credemus.

Non omni Mendacio,
Sed Potius Verbo
Veritatis Ipsi.

Omnis Anima Potestatibus subserviat superioribus.

Rom. 13.

Such as stand upon false Bottoms in saving their SOULS.

The Ignorant.	<i>IN</i> scius innumeros Domini meditatur Amores, Et saluum nihilo se putat esse suo:
The Presumptuous.	<i>Alter</i> at indubias Veniarum concipit Artes, Ut sibi, dum Cunctis Victima Christus erat.
The worldly Wife.	<i>Mundanis</i> nimium sapit Alter amoribus, atq; Hic Sola Deo profert Munera ut accipiat:
The morally Civil.	<i>Hic</i> quoque civilis fruitur jam tempore vite, Nec dubitat Cælis quin fruiturus item:
The Hypocrite.	<i>Sanctior</i> oppositis sibi dum blanditur Inanis Fictilis, & Meritis se valuisse suis, <i>Rumpitur</i> , & nullam capit Ille vel Iste salutem, Durabit Christo. quæ stabilita Fides.

In Epiphaniam sive manifestationem Domini.

John 1. 5.	<i>Nonne</i> putes Merito Cacos Qui Luce serenâ
Numb. 24. 17.	Nil cernunt, ad quos Phosphorus Ipse venit,
Luke 1. 78.	<i>Nec</i> tamen Evigilant? Densâ Caligine Gentes
John 3. 19.	Umbrantur Miseri, (vespera tota Dies)
Luke 1. 79.	<i>Sed</i> tamen inveniunt stellam, sic noctis Imago
Ephes. 5. 8.	Versa est e tenebris quâ duce clara Micat;
Matth. 2. 2.	<i>Et</i> Magnus in magno meditatur Lumine Divum,
2 Thess. 5. 5.	Sponte Novum Astrologos Astrum agitatque viros.
Matth. 2. 1.	<i>Sin</i> quorsum hoc rogites? ut sit Manifestus ad Omnes,
1 John 3. 5.	Omni Qui in pleno tempore natus erat.
1sa. 60. 3.	
John 1. 16.	
Luke 2. 6.	
Gal. 4. 4.	

Natus,

Natus, Damnatus, Necatus, Glorificatus.

Descendere descendit è Cælis ut (pravitate quâ depressissimus Carnali relictâ) ascendamus in Cælos : Pati dignatus in Mundo pro immundis , Ut possideant Lucem , Qui meruissent Crucem. Morte mulctari se prebuit, Ut Vitam capiat, qui Mori debuit. Agnus in Montem passus, pastus & in Montem agnus. Pastor succumbit Oneri Legis, ut languori succurrat parvuli gregis. Ne desit Fons, adest Mons : ad depremendam sitem, (Hanc) cape, Veram Vitem. Qui multo cum cruore Mori vellet ; ut humanos ab humanis erroribus avellat. Anguis ut à præcipitio redimatur Ingratus ; sanguis Pretiosissimi effunditur , & confossum Latus : Tumuli limitibus se Captivum tradidit , Ut à Satanae Militibus nos Liberos redderet. Sepulchro obdormivisse Lapideo videtur, ut duritiei Cordis humani oblivisceretur. Morti pro triduo Temporis paret, Mori ut peccatis quotidie nos præparet ; & ne quid in Redemptione sit amissum ; horrendum Barathri petit Abyssum. Sed Qui Lux vera est, & ab æterno, non manet tenebris nec in Inferno ; Ast Palmam feriens veræ victoriæ, Coronam Fidelibus texiit Gloriæ. Et ne sit Fidei Thomæ defectio, Octavo iterum die est patefacta resurrectio: Postquam ab eis per quadraginta Dies potus fuit & conspectus, Nubem induit & susceptus: à Monte qui Oliveti vocatur sursum receptus est Pacificator, Cujus readventus est futurus, ita cum Judicaturus. Mente Me Deus sic donet Spirituali, Ut non sim iterum Reus hujus Mali.

A Threefold Cord is not easily broken.

Meek, Lowly, Humble, was that threefold Cord,
Our Lord,
To pull us up to Heaven did afford. |

He bore the Cross first for us, and became
Esay. A Lambe;
Wash'd His Disciples feet, to teach the same.

But who takes out this lesson? is not Pride
Our Guide,
Envie, Oppression, Malice too beside?

To cross what's good, bleat after Natures call,
T'enthral
Others ; set traps t'ensnare their feet withall.

We can the best of care and thought unbinde,
To finde
What may enrich the Body, not the minde.

So still be cumbered about serving much,
And grutch
That Others have not equall share in such.

When if our Saviour we beleieve alone,
But one

Luk. 10. 42 Thing needfull was, and that was *Maries* owne.

That better permanent part, grant that I
 May try,
 To compass through unfeign'd humility.

Deo Gloria

Ut sit } Principi Honoratus } *Nec Papalis heresis*
Nec Fatalis Hypocrisis
Nec effrenata Anarchia
Confusionis Anomalia } Deterreant.
Nec Galeata Dementia
Ex Plebeia Insolentia }

Quin Homo Probus
 sis

Tam uno quam Ambobus.

Reipublica s

Regula nullo modo Spernenda.

Deo Gloria

Uni veri solo etsi Triplici Trinuno
unanimitèr non secundum hominis
fictum, sed sui ipsius id est veritatis
verbum Totus inservire, quoniam
Non vult participem cultus Iesus.

Debitam Obedientiam utpote guber-
nandi causa in nos, ab Ipso Domino
in omne scilicet quod Mandata non
exuperet Licita Præposito, reddere,
quoniam Oppugnat Dominum sper-
nere Regem.

Tantam tribuere Legum institutioni-
bus et constitutionibus reverentiam,
ut in omni actione unam vel alte-
ram instar metæ appetitui præfi-
gere, quoniam ut salus Populi su-
prema lex, sic sine Legibus nulla
salus Populo.

Principi Honor

Reipublicæ salus

Sic

Veram Devotionem in Deum
verum, verbo dum sacro
Fides adhibeatur sancta
compares.

Agnitionem & remunerandi
observantiam quam humi-
lem, Grato, Pio, & Patientiæ
summa Patrono-Principi.

Pacem sic Tranquillam & ab
omnibus [bonis scilicet]
maximè optatam Patria.

Quibuscum
Armatus

Nec Papalis hæresis
Nec Fatalis Hypocrisis
Nec effrenata Anarchia
Confusionis Anomalia
Nec Galeata Dementia
Ex Plebeia Insolentia

Deterreant.

Quin Homo Probus
fis
Tam uno quam Ambobus.

(III)

Triplex hominum Conditio.	Creatio prima, Gen. 1. 26.	Innocen- tia Cre- atus, Ephes. 4. 24.	Indutus spiritu divino, I Cor. 15. 45.	Ab origi- ne quam puro sine labe vel peccato,	Hæc cum Fide perce- pisses,
	Deprava- tio secū- da, Gen. 3. 6.	In } Disce- dientia disloca- tus, Gen. 3. 23, 24.	Captus Dolo serpen- tino, Gen. 3. 4.	Postea in statu nō seculo, utpote hortide- privato,	Etsi Mi- serri- mus fu- isses,
	Restaura- tio ter- tia, Gen. 3. 15.	Summa clemen- tia re- dinte- gratus, Rom. 8. 32.	Florens sole ma- tutino, Luke 1. 78.	Donec in Christo redem- pturo tunc cre- dendo suble- vato.	Causam Spei in- venisses. Crux

In Passionem & Resurrectionem Domini.

*Qui modo tantorum Tumulorum vincula solvit,
 Carceribus Tumuli traditur Ille novi:
 Sic Placuit, maculâque animæ purgentur ab omni,
 Sanguine jam proprio diluit Ille suo.
 Humanum inveniens aperit humus illico venas,
 Sarcophagus Dominum sed retinere nequit.
 Quid sedes in Tumulum somnosa Miles apertum?
 Quem vigiles vigilat Mortis & arma rapit.
 Cum sociis stupefacta videt Maria Sepulchrum,
 In queis letitia & Mista pavore fuit.
 Inveniant Dominum veniunt ut Marmore clausum,
 Mane situs Dominus, nec manet usque diem:
 Visura gaudent Christum, metuuntque remoto
 Saxo, dum visus Angelus est Domini.*

Crux Vera

Non in Ligno, Sed in Signo,

*Ducis
 Victoria,
 Crucis
 Gloria,*

Privatio Vitæ Donatio.

All other **CROSSES** may disquiet rest,
 But this was that by which Mankind is blest.

CRU-

C-R-V-C-J-F-I-G-I-T-V-R.

- urrit ad Exitium Genitrix, repetitque Reatum
Filiolus : Pœnas Hic dabit, Ila suas.
- uminat ut Miseros Rex Inclytus, Alta relinquens
Ima petitque, subit Nubila lucis Opus.
- nicus à sceptris humiles facit Ille recessus
Sponte, suam tribuit Qui quoque vita fuit :
- um brevis è teneri concretâque pulvere forma
Quam vitiosa regunt, Ambitiosa velit.
- uncta Viro Consors, quâ cum de sorte perenni
Consulit, & Culpa hæc (Morte) perennis erat :
- actus homo Dominus moritur, sed Morte subacta
Commutat sortem, & vita Perennis erit.
- rritat Superos Gens improba, sed super omne
Grata est, quæ à scisso Pectore fusa fuit.
- ratia pro ingratis datur integra, Justus Iniquis,
Pro Peccatore hæc Pectora læsa manent.
- nduit & nostras humanâ face volutas
Naturas, nobis Calicæ tecta facit.
- ransfixusque fuit, quo transeat omnis alumnus,
Et videat passum pacificumque virum.
- ictus Amore hominum victus, Captivus & Idem,
Ut Libertatis spes modo certa siet :
- espice sic Misenum, Miseros qui è gurgite Mortis
Eripuit, rapiant Viscera nostra, sua.

Spectaculum veræ Humilitatis.

C_{-um} H_{-inc} R_{-espicias} I-S T_{-ibi} V_{-ita} S_{-alus.}
 S_{-uccumbit} I_{-nnocens} M_{-ibi} O_{-nis} N_{-atum.}

If in a glass one would descry
 Perfect and true Humility;
 Then goe no farther, but observe
 He bore the Cross which we deserve.

Pilat's Inscription.

Joh. 19. 19

1 Pet. 3. 18

I_{-ustus} N_{-ascens} R_{-edimit} I_{-njustos.}

What P I L A T E wrote, He wrote, and did refuse
To alter for the High-Priest of the Jewes :
This Just mans birth with Prophecie suits well,
Who came to save the lost of Israel.

Mat. 9. 13.

P_{-ater} I_{-gnosce} I_{-nscis} R_{-emitte} E_{-rrantibus} G_{-ravissimo} I_{-udicio} S_{-ubditis}
C_{-onfiteor} O_{-mnes} M_{-iseris} P_{-eccantibus} A_{-missis} S_{-alutem} S_{-alutem} I_{-n} O_{-blatione.}

Of All the Vertues happiness Create,
None out-shines this, To be Compassionate :
Mercy the God of Glory doth prefer,
Although All's other works are singular.
This Kingly Pattern here before us set,
Should teach us to forgive, and to forget.

La Citta Improvida.

M_{-em.}
 E_{-misi}
 L_{-apidem}
 A_{-ngularem}
 S_{-anctum}
 U_{-ipore}
 R_{-uinis}
 E_{-versa}
 J_{-aceo}

A Building that is Tight and free from weather,
 Hath all its parts well Cymented together;
 For where such Unity In it self's away,
 That structure falls under some quick decay.
 This City bore but name of Peace alone,
 Whose Builders did refuse their Corner stone.

Il vero monte Testaccio.

O_{-mnibus}
 G_{-loria}
 T_{-remor}
 H_{-umilis}
 A_{-lum}
 L_{-ucet}
 O_{-ssa}
 G_{-erit}

Memento mori, or a Deaths-head worn
 Upon a finger, oft becomes a scorn;
 For what through use familiar is grown,
 Nature counts less by apprehension.
 Yet be advis'd, this Mount of dead mens skuls,
 A greater dread and terror on thee puls,
 Who durst by Sins, and loose desires below,
 Make him again pay that which thou didst ow.

Easter dayes Resurrexit.

SEt the Cliff higher
 Now,
 And raise
 Each hearts key,
 To present a Vow
 In praise
 Of him who lately was our buyer,
 And of this Day
 Which He makes clearer farr then Other dayes.

For look we back, and there
 We may with ease
 See what we were,
 Transform'd beyond
 All works, did please
 The Maker
 So

That whilst He did commend
 What He had done, Man wrought his endless woe;
 Nor of those praises longer was partaker.

Before when known
 To be,
 By Innocencies Liverie,
 The fairest likeness of Creation;
 All other Things
 Were but to Man as Offerings,
 Whereby
 He might maintain
 The Title of the worlds true Sovereign.

Justice and Mercy both,
 The King of Heaven
 Delights to show ;
 And in his hands the Scales doth hold so even,
 That whilst enforc'd to punish, yet he's loath
 To overthrow ;
 And so a way prescribes, wherein
 Man may revenged be of sin.

To this effect,
 When He saw time,
 His Son was sent,
 That all disgraces of the Crime
 On Him being spent,
 No Contumelie or neglect
 Might lie behinde,
 To sink into Despair a troubled minde.

So suffered He
 To set
 Man
 Free
 Again,
 Whose debt
 Requir'd no less
 To recompence
 The Guiltiness
 Of so great Disobedience.

Which

Which bond discharg'd,
 All are enlarg'd,
 Who can through Faith arise
 With Him who Clarifies
 Beyond our apprehension,
 The Splendor this Dayes Skies
 Put on,
 To Embleme His Bright Resurrection.

In Diem Natalem etiam & Jejunalem quoniam
 Mercurialem Mensis ultimam.

*Quondam Festa Dies, nunc Jejunantibus apta es,
 Ut Lucis non prosunt Gaudia Mæsta juvent.*

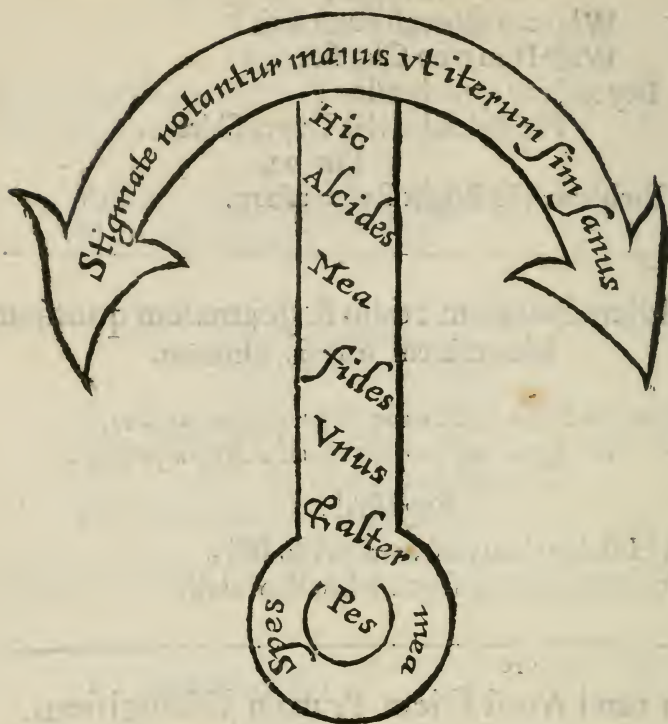
English'd :

A Holiday thou wast, and art so still ;
 For Holy Fasting saves, when Riots kill.

In novi Anni Diem Primam Dialogismus.

*Dum novus Annus init, an nos nova Pectora flectent,
 Cum Vetulo Vetulas vin periere vices ?
 Quid potius ? nam qui memorare novissima certet,
 Immemor errati gaudeat esse sui.*

Ineffabilis Amor atq; Admirabilis Christi.



(1) In Crucem
elatus.

(2) *Idem.*

(3) *Gentiles.*

(4) *Ovid, Met.*

(5) *Unus labor
Herculis.*

(6) The old Ser-
pent, the Devil.

(7) *Semen vir-
ginis.*

(8) Christ's con-
quest over death.

(9) *Ferendo feris.*

(10) Man had
so offended God,

that nothing but
God and Man

could make
atonement.

VI manus (1) extensus pandis (2) Crudelibus, Ipsos

(3) Nos velui complexu comparat Ille suo:

(4) Pythonem innumeris adiment Hydramve (5) saginis,
Serpentum (6) Proavum, (7) hac una sagitta necat.

Nullus Apolloni: saluus fiat arte Nepotum,
Nec quisquam Alcidis robore major erit:

Hic tamen hac magni (8) reperit victoria mundi,

(9) Et superat pœnas Ille ferendo suis.

Pauperis est numerare Pecus, duodecimus olim
Herculeanus erat Huic Labor innumerus.

(10) Nempe quod in nostris tanta est numeratio Culpis,
Ut nisi qui posset singula nulla juvet.

(11) Posse & velle suum est, sic nū redemptis iniquos,
Et firmam statuat Anchora (12) vera Fidem.

(11) All power was given him of the Father, who voluntarily undertook the work of our redemption.

(12) He becoming the truest Anchor of our hopes, we cannot vete out the Cable of faith upon bet-
ter security against all shipwrecking.

To my Gracious God.

Retir'd into a Calm of Leisure, Led
 By Providence thus : grant me busied
 Here after for My King and Countreys good,
 The Church and State where I took Livelihood :
 That in my Calling I may never falter,
 But hew wood and draw water for thine Altar.

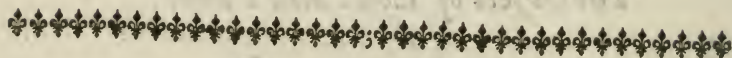
The Object of Love and Power.

J-nspicitur
E-mentem
S-acrificantem
V-ictorem
S-acrificium.

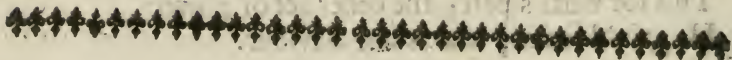
Lost Man, when to be fav'd cannot devise
 To expiate His guilt by Sacrifice ;
 Till Priest and Prophet, King, and all agree
 In One, to offer and winn Victory ;
 This for what's past ; the other act of power
 He gain'd for us, who is our Saviour.

Use and Memory Parents to Wifdome.

VSe out of Date, and to Remember
 Our Saviours Birth, wont blefs *December*,
 Cry'd down: What may we judge by these?
 But this, That Wifdome's in decrease,
 And certainly must Folly own,
 When other Parents are not known.



The End of the First Part.



(123)

Famulenter prioribus.

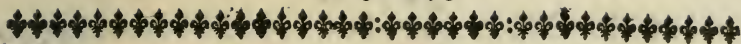


tutus in Umbra

Silvestram tenui Musam meditatus avena. Virg:

W.M.

Sculptus



*To my Book, upon the second Part, and
the Title Page.*

Famulentur Prioribus.

THy first Part bears a stamp Divine;
And so may pass for currant Coin;
Though *Momus* Cark, and *Zoilus* bark,
Thou art preserv'd as in an Ark :
For what one doth by Faith apply,
No flood of Envie can destroy.
Yet how to help thee at a list,
That must be now my Second drift :
For seeing thou wilt not alone
Come forth, but be attended on ;
It's fit thy servant still should be,
Adorn'd with modest Loyaltie ;
Such as the Hills, and Groves, and Brooks
Afford the Fancy, 'stead of Books ;
And help Contentedness to wade,
Though not to swim under a shade
Of such Security may give
'Gainst heat and cold Prerogative
Defence : where no times rayes or Thunder
Shall blast or scorch those so lie under.

But who themselves in Peace can thus read ore,
Need but be thankfull, and ne're wish for more.

The





The Second Part.

Humane Science Handmaid to Divine.

Famulentur Prioribus.



LI were not Cedars that grew on
 The Top of Towing *Lebanon*,
 But here and there some less Plant set
 To give attendance on the great :
 So have I seen a grove of Pine
 Becircled with Eglantine ;
 A Towle of Oaks that seem'd the higher,
 For over-looking of the Brier ;
 The Beech, Ash, Elm, tak't not in scorn
 From the low Shrub and prickly Thorn
 That underneath their shades they dwell,
 And guard their roots as Sentinell :
 Meadows, and Fields, and Gardens all
 Produce both simples , Med'cinall,
 And herbs of less esteem ; yet these
 May some one sense or other please.
 Fountains with Crystall may compare ,
 As they run out are known to share
 With this and that Land-water, til
 They colour change, yet Rivers fill.
 And if I would my Fancy rear,
 To lineat a day most clear ;
 It should be such a one, wherein
 Some wooll-pack Clouds in corner's been.
 Thus the wise God of Nature chose
 All things in order to dispose :
 And Humane Raptures onely doth command
 As servants to Divine, to wait at hand.

Occasioned by seeing a Walk of Bay-trees.

NO Thunder blasts *Ioves* Plant, nor can
 Misfortune warp an honest Man;
 Shaken He may be, by some one
 Or other Gust, Unleav'd by none:
 Though tribulation's sharp and keen,
 His Resolutions keep Green;
 And whilst Integrity's his wall,
 His Year's all Spring, and hath no Fall.

Inter Acus & Aculeos pugna.

MAN like a little world, opens a pack
 Of Government, to all such Climes as lack;
 Wherein those humors that disturb the health,
 For Power, doe represent a Common-wealth;
 And Nature (uncontrowlably) would try,
 To subject all under her Monarchy;
 But in that Conflict findes no small disease,
 Whilst all restrain'd Authorities displease.

Here may we see as from a Chaos spun,
 Discord, at push of pike; and Factions t'run
 A tilt: so break int' shivers and destroy
 The strict command of eithers sovereignty.
 Yet neither Title need we fear to leese,
 Sithence there's both King and Common-wealth
 ('mongst Bees.

Sorte tua sis Contentus.

Dum fremit immodicis rapturque voragine ventis,
 Et vetat irato Gurgite Navis iter,
 Littoribus Placidum Pelagus, non Indica reddens
 Munera, sed Conchâ dat propiore dapes.
 Elige quod mavis est, Tumidos insistere Fluctus
 An Portum, Exitium querere, sive bonum:
 Tentet Avarus Opes, & Amara pericula Ponti,
 Tuta cupit modicis rebus inesse Fides.
 Quamvis Castra petas, Fora vel Togatus Amasses,
 Invenias Laqueis hæc comitata suis:
 Sola manet requies Animo Quem jurgia nulla,
 Nulla vaporiferæque Ambitionis habent.
 Sed satur, in proprio formentur pectore pacis
 Semina, quæ fugiant Militiam atque Forum:
 Gaudeat umbriferis Sylvæ pro Classe, Loquaces
 Lympharumque Cheros Curia nec sileat.
 Namque Avibus junctis repetitur murmure cantus,
 Et saltabundum cernat ubique Pecus:
 Gramineis locuples jactet jam terra tapetis,
 Et violæ soboles sub sepe cæpta ferunt.
 Pisciculis avidis Esca est inimica voracem
 Dum Condens hamum, sic cupidus capiens.
 Nec minus Agricola dum tendit retia Turdus
 Præda sit, aut Visco fallitur Ipse suo:
 Si sequeris Leporem, pedibus petit Ille salutem,
 Currenti stimulos addit & Ipse metus.
 Sin Rubis evigiles tremulas multo cane Damas,
 Ostendunt, nemori non adhibenda Fides.
 Sis ubicunque velis, facias modo quid libet, Omne
 Te Cruciat, Menti ni sit amica quies.

Insula Britannica ad seipsam.

*Quid moror in terras? Pinus descendit in undas,
 Et tondet Vitreas Classica sylva comas.
 Gallia, quid profers? quid Tu Teutonica tentas?
 Hesperiesque tuis quidve Carina Malis.
 Num dabit is Legem Oceano Mihi Fura negantem,
 Littora Cui, Liquidus paret & Oceanus.
 Conficiam eximias Aurato tegmine Puppis,
 Signentur Rubra candida vela cruce.
 Ne caream verbis ubi Rectum querere Ius est,
 Pulmones strenuos, Ærea Lingua vomet.
 Mænia si quisquam violenti fulmine tundet,
 Ligna forte putet, Igneaque inveniet.*

Chloris Complaint.

DOe not the Planets (howsoere
 They wander) still retain a proper sphere?
 And seasons serve the year to bless,
 Although the Storms and Tempests are no less?
 Seem not becalmed Seas more fair,
 Than if th'had never been irregular?
 And shall fond Man alone be said,
 To be of all things else unpacifi'd?
 Lions to Lions kinde, and Bears
 Friendly to such, so Wolves partake o'th' fears
 With their pursued kin; The fell-
 Est Tyger can with her associate dwell:
 And yet (as if unhuman'd) we
 By no means with each other can agree;

So that (we may degenerate
 From Natures mandate) all our Passion's hate,
 And where a Mischief may befall,
 All Disposition's turn'd to Prodigall,
 Nor is there for Compassion
 Left any room (now t's out of fashion,)
 Befriend me wind, I'll try the wave,
 Though some ther be must sink, yet som 't may save,
 My Kalendar yet marks out spring,
 Dis-gust may shake, not blast the Blossoming.
 And therefore as I roav'd astray,
 'Tis reconciling Truth points now the way,
 In which I would be thought as farr
 From variation, as the fixedst Starr;
 But with a constant shining thence,
 Serve King and Countrey by my Influence.

My Newyears-gift to the Times.

*NOVUM aperiens Ianitor nunc Annum,
 Iani Bisfrontis Quis Nothus Caesarum,
 Restet ob victam longè Britanniam,
 Templâ clausurus iterum Britannicis?
 Barbariem nunquam, (vel raro saltem)
 Tam feram memini Legisse seclis
 Vt jam ostenditur,
 Fratres in Fratres;
 Filie Filique,
 Obedientiâ omni,
 Tanquam protinus soluti,
 In matres etiam & in Patres,
 Vim ferunt rapide,
 Parentes mutuo]*

*Natos nataſque maximo
 Habent Odio,
 Sexus, Etates licet numeras,
 Diffenſionum undique querulas;
 Rixasque intelligis & Invidia
 Artes miniſtrantur aſſidue;
 Majorem ſub Leonino
 Temperiem invenias Axe, vel Canino,
 Tam fervida
 Torquet Alterutrinque Ira,
 Adeoque torret Diſcordiarum Flamma,
 Vt deſtruit & conſumit Omnia:
 Friget in hoc æſtu tamen,
 Charitatis ſolamen,
 Et quicquid ſevitia
 Produxit unquam Scythiæ:
 Glacialis Sphæra,
 Hujus inimicitie
 Fiat Imago vera.
 Bellica fuimus
 Præda Romanis,
 Nec non Saxonibus,
 Quondamque Danis,
 Vicinis etiam victima Normannis.
 Aſt in Poſtremo
 Hoc (abſente Populo)
 Qui nos confundat Seculo,
 Ipſosmet petimus
 Et pro Purpureo victore,
 Quiſque nunc tingitur Fratris Cruore.*

The Fift of November, being in Kent a stony Countrey.

AM I in *Kent* ? and can I be no more
 Befriended than to want a Stone to score
 That scape from Danger ; which had it o'r-come,
 Might have both Conquer'd *Kent* and *Christendome*.
 Dye-mans although not rare now, Rubies are
 Through our Dissentions made peculiar
 Blaz'ners of Vertues Heraldry : nor can
 The Tincture serve of the Cornelian ;
 The Topaz, Sapphire, and the Emrald may
 On fingers worn, proclaim it Holiday :
 But I must finde a whiter, though it came
 Not far, but whence fair *Albion* took its name,
 The Cliffs of *Dover*, on whose Candid Brest
 I shall presume to share an interest
 On this Occasion, that no Rubricks spell
 May henceforth in some *Bookers* Chronicle
 Eclipse my glory, or exempt my praise,
 By ranking me amongst the Workedayes.
 Surely the Dye that black design put on,
 Would crave the best of all, and whitest Ston
 To mark that Providence, which did prevent
 The mischief of that vap'ring Element :
 Which Hatch'd below, should our Conceptions rouse,
 (In that before it grew pernicious,
 The Shell was crack'd ; and so that enterprife
 Was vanquish'd, with th'abortive Cockatrice)
 First to the great Deliverer, and then
 A freedom of acknowledgmen't amongst men,
 That all of them may (as their fortunes are)
 Spend something on a solemnizing care.
 And as the Powder should have been our chance,
 Now let 'texpress loud our deliverance.

Anglia Hortus.

THe Garden of the world, wherein the Rose
 In chief Commanded, did this doubt propose
 To be resolv'd in ; Whether sense to prise
 For umpire to Create it Paradise :
 One led by th' Ear of Philomel tels tales ,
 And straightway cal's't the land of Nightingales ;
 An Other sharper sighted, ravish'd, cries,
 O that I could be turn'd now all to eyes !
 A Third receiv'd such raptures from the tast
 Of various dainty fruits, that it surpast ;
 A Fourth was caught (not with perfume) commends
 The Indian Clime, but what here Nature lends ;
 Last, if you would Sattins or Velvets touch ,
 For soft and smooth, Leaves can afford you such.
 And thus dispos'd, whilst every Sense admires,
 'Tis senseless t'plant 'mongst Roses , Thistles, Briars.

Nanmachie.

In Pugnam Navalem inter *Hispanos & Batavos*, die
 Octobris , Anno 1639. Commissam in freto
 vulgò *Le manchè*, ubi victoria His, ruina
 quàm foelicissimè Illis accidit.

Castiliana suos arduos linquere Portus
Iusta est Neptuno & frigidiorè frui :
Occurrit Liquidis Teutonica classis ab Oris,
Vt Ligno huic Ignes suppeditare queat.

*Sole exusta suo solvit de littore Puppis,
 Frangitur & Tepidis Artibus inter aquas.
 Bella gerunt Homines, nec non Elementa vicissim,
 Contendunt vires notificare suas.
 Ignea sublimes vis occupat, Altera mergit
 Tumosa Ærios Ambitionis habet ;
 Sola manet nostras Terrestriatuta salutes
 Conditio : maneat sic stabilita Diu.*

Ab Aqua &
 Igne libera-
 vit nos Do-
 mus.

Ad Amicum super quatuor Anni Tempora
 & quatuor Ætates hominum Comparative.

*B*rumalis seculi inconstantia,
 Te reddat Mæstum ab Infantia,
 Ver præbeat Flores vanitatis
 Ideo juventutis, satis
 Viribus Virilis ætas,
 In Æstate cum nil metas
 Æstuet vano : dum senescis
 Para fructum, adest mæsis.
 Æstivum, Hyemale, vernum,
 Ceres ducunt in æternum.

My happy Life, to a Friend,

Dearest in Friendship, if you'll know
 Where I my self, and how bestow,
 Especially when as I range,
 Guided by Nature, to love change :
 Beleeve, it is not to advance
 Or add to my inheritance ;

Seeking

Seeking t'engross by Power (amiss)

What any other Man calls his :

But full contented with my owne,

I let all other things alone ;

Which better to enjoy 'thout strife,

I settle to a Countrey life ;

And in a sweet retirement there,

Cherish all Hopes, but banish fear ;

Offending none ; so for defence

Arm'd Capapee with Innocence ;

I doe dispose of my time thus,

To make it more propitious.

First, my God serv'd ; I doe commend

The rest to some choice Book or Friend,

Wherein I may such Treasure finde

T'inrich my nobler part, the Minde.

And that my Body Health comprise,

Use too some moderate Exercise ;

Whether invited to the field,

To see what Pastime that can yield,

With horse, or hound, or hawk, or t' bee

More taken with a well-grown Tree ;

Under whose Shades I may reherse

The holy Layes of Sacred Verse ;

Whilst in the Branches pearched higher,

The wing'd Crew sit as in a quier :

This seems to me a better noise

Than Organs, or the dear-bought voice

From Pleaders breath in Court and Hall

At any time is stockt withall :

For here one may (if marking well)

Observe the Plaintive Philomel

Bemoan her sorrows; and the Thrush
 Plead safety through Defendant Bush:
 The Poppingay in various die
 Performes the Sergeant; and the Pie
 Chatters, as if she would revive
 The Old Levite prerogative,
 And bring new Rorchets in again;
 Till Crowes and Jackdaws in disdain
 Of her Pide-feathers, chase her thence,
 To yeeld to their preheminance:
 For you must know't observ'd of late,
 That Reformation in the State,
 Begets no less by imitation,
 Amidst this chirping feather'd Nation;
 Cuckoes Ingrate, and Woodcocks some
 Here are, which cause they't seasons come,
 May be compar'd to such as stand
 At Terms, and their returns command;
 And lest Authority take cold,
 Here's th' Ivyes guest of wonder, th' Owl,
 Rufft like a Judge, and with a Beak,
 As it would give the charge and speak:
 Then 'tis the Goose and Buzzards art
 Alone, t'perform the Clients part;
 For neither Dove nor Pigeon shall,
 Whilst they are both exempt from gall.
 The Augur, Hern, and soaring Kite,
 Kalendar weather in their flight;
 As doe the Cleanlier Ducks, when they
 Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play;
 With the fair Cygnet, whose delight
 Is to out-vie the snow in white.

And

And therefore alwayes seeks to hide
 Her feet, lest they allay her pride.
 The Moor-hen, Dobchick, Water rail,
 With little Washdish or Wagtail;
 The Finch, the Sparrow, Jenny Wren,
 With Robin that's so kinde to men;
 The Whitetail, and Tom Tit obey
 Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay;
 The Lyrick Lark doth early rise,
 And mounting, payes her sacrifice;
 Whilst from some hedg, or close of furr,
 The Partridge calls its Mate, and churrs;
 And that the Countrey seem more pleasant,
 Each heath hath Powt, and wood yeelds Pheasant;
Innoes delight with Cock and Hens
 Turkeys, are my Domestick friends:
 Nor doe I bird of Prey inlist,
 But what I carry on my Fist:
 Now not to want a Court, a King-
 Fisher is here with Purple wing,
 Who brings me to the spring-head, where
 Crystall is Lymbeckt all the yeere,
 And every Drop distils, implies
 An Ocean of Felicities;
 Whilst calculating, it spins on,
 And turns the Pebles one by one,
 Administring to eye and eare
 New Stars, and musick like the Sphere;
 When every Purle Calcin'd doth run,
 And represent such from the Sun:
 Devouring Pike here hath no place,
 Nor is it stor'd with Roach or Dace;

The Chub or Cheven not appeare,
 Nor Millers Thumbs, nor Gudgeons here,
 But nobler Trowts, beset with stones
 Of Rubie and of Diamonds,
 Bear greatest sway : yet some intrench,
 As sharp-finn'd Pearch, and healing Tench;
 The stream's too pure for Carp to lie,
 Subject to perspicuitie,
 For it must here be understood,
 There are no beds of sand and Mud,
 But such a Gravell as might pose
 The best of Scholars to disclose,
 And books and learning all confute,
 Being clad in water Tissue sute.

These cool delights help'd with the air
 Fann'd from the Branches of the fair
 Old Beech or Oak, enchantments tie
 To every senses facultie;
 And master all those powers should give
 The will any prerogative :
 Yet when the scorching Noon-dayes heat,
 Incommodates the Lowing Neat;
 Or Bleating flock, hither each one
 Hastes to be my Companion.
 And when the Western Skie with red-
 Roses bestrews the Day-stars bed :
 The wholesome Maid comes out to Milk
 In russet-coats, but skin-like silk ;
 Which though the Sun and Air dies brown,
 Will yeeld to none of all the Town
 For softness, and her breaths sweet smell,
 Doth all the new-milcht Kie excell ;

She knows no rotten teeth, nor hair
 Bought, or Complexion t'make her fair;
 But is her own fair wind and dress,
 Not envying Cities happiness:
 Yet as she would extend some pitty
 To the drain'd Neat she frames a ditty,
 Which doth inchant the beast, untill
 It patiently lets her Paile fill;
 This doth the babbling Eccho catch,
 And so at length to me't doth reach:
 Straight roused up, I verdict pass,
 Concluding from this bonny Lass,
 And the Birds strains, 'tis hard to say
 Which taught Notes first, or she, or they:
 Thus ravish'd, as the night draws on
 Its sable Curtain, in I'm gon
 To my poor Cell, which 'cause 'tis mine,
 I judge it doth all else out-shine,
 Hung with content and weather-proof,
 Though neither Pavement nor roof
 Borrow from Marble-quarr below,
 Or from those Hills where Cedars grow.
 There I embrace and kiss my Spouse,
 Who like the *Vesta* to the house,
 A Sullibub prepares to shew
 By care and love what I must owe.

Then calling in the Spawn and frie,
 Who whilst they live ne'r let us die;
 But every face is hers or mine,
 Though minted yet in lesser Coin;
 She takes an Apple, I a Plumbe,
 Encouragements for all and some:

Till in return they crown the herth
 With innocent and harmles merth,
 Which sends us Joyfull to our rest,
 More than a thousand others blest.

De Imperatorum Julianorum lineæ ultimo :
 Et Sulpitii five Electorum primo.

*UT Cadat infælix nec sicca morte Tyrannus,
 Vindictam Patriæ Vindicis Arma dabant :
 Nempe Neronis erat Fatum dum terruit urbem,
 Tandem terrifico succubuisse Ingo.
 Sic Calvum Galbam appellant, sceproque recepto,
 Temnunt Calvitiem Plebs opinata suam.
 Quid tu Casareo gauderes nomine Sergi ?
 Cum non Casaries ulla relicta tibi.
 Imperium si fortè velit supplere relictum,
 Debit & Capiti Comperiſſe Comas.*

English'd thus :

That the unhappy *Nero* might be said
 To fall most like a Tyrant, not in bed.
Vindex in *France* rais'd *Armes*, and fought thereby
 To vindicate the wrongs of *Italy* :
 The Fates were just to Him, so frighted *Rome*,
 Making at last fear Master of his doom :
 So Bald-pate *Galba* to the Throne did rise,
 Whom straight the Common-people 'gan despise,
 Crying, Why shouldst thou *Cæsars* name put on,
 When all the hair grew on thy head was gon ?
 If He the Empires Barque anew would rigg,
 He should have brought with him a Periwig.

In quendam Fictilem infirmi Corporis.

*Infirnum & fragile est Corpus tibi (Fictile) verum
Mens tua sub curvo corpore recta latet.*

Placet in Vulnus, Maxima cervix.

*FLagranti stomacho Turdus vorat undique Zuras,
Dum ferit arte gelu frigidior Diem :
Sic modo Pinguescens capitur, citiusque paratis,
Aucupis ingeniis prada petenda jacet.
Sapius hoc discat Ditescens atque Gulosus,
Sic moderare dapes ut sibi lucra fiant.
Prospera nam subito mutantur tempora lapsu,
Et latet in pulchro gramine Mortis acus.*

Upon a Journey of His Majesty's into Scotland, and His safe Return.

THe Planets whilst they move in severall Spheres,
Cut out our time in weeks, in months, in yeeres,
In Night and Day ; whose revolutions bring
The day, night, week, month, yeer into a Ring.
What doe our Princes less, when they goe forth
A Progress West or East, or South or North?
Is not the first step that they forward set,
The Suns, when He his Golden locks doth wet
In *Thetis* lap, to all that stay behinde ?
Is not the world Eclips'd to them, and blinde ?

Doc

Doe not all Minutes stretch, and seem to grow
 Each to an hour, to such as think them so ?
 Doe not our crost, yet longing hopes, present
 Each hour a month or year in banishment ?
 They doe: and 'twas not long since we were they
 Who stood as Exil'd from our Star of Day ;
 Whilst visiting Those parts whence He did rise,
 He cast a Generall splendor o'r those Skies,
 Leaving us onely *Cynthia* and her Train,
 To gives us hopes He would return again :
 And so he doth enrich again our Sky,
 Bringing those hopes unto maturity,
 Our Clime with Tropick's changed, and the same
 Season of day, now length of night doth claim :
 Those onely who by Elevation
 Before enjoy'd a lucid Horizon,
 Once yearly now with more perfection shine
 A whole month, *Phæbus*, suffering no decline :
 Did I but call't a month ? They deem'd it less,
 If they could apprehend their happiness ;
 And we I'm sure had reason t'think it more,
 Than many Ages counted ore and ore.

For as the Suns withdrawing leaves one world,
 Into a Winters Tyrannie t'be hurld,
 Whilst it doth bless an Other ; so 'twas thus
 In *Scotland*, *June* ; but *February* with us
 Till his return ; which chang'd the Season quite,
 Then ours with Corn, with Snow their hills were white
 The night that was resignes, and day's begun
 With us already by our Gracious Sun.

Let Them pass Envie-free who boast them may
 In the possession of this Month or Day ;
 For time wrapt up in swiftness doth appear
 When past, as if an Age were but a year,

A year a month, a month a week, and That
 An houre or minute, whilst we console
 Our selves may in this bliss; that future time
 Seems alwayes slower-winged in its Clime:
 Their Jubile was short and quickly gone,
 Ours under CHARLES is a Perpetuall one.

In quendam nomine Stone-house.

*SAXEA Pulchra Domus frons est sed nulla fidenda,
 Nam si Ipsam introeas, invenies vacuum.*

To N. B. an Angler.

THOU that dost cast into the Silver brook
 Thy worm-fed Hook,
 The greedier Fishes so to cheat
 Seeking for meat;
 Remember that Times wheel will bring
 Thy deeds to censuring;
 And then as thou through wile
 Those Creatures didst beguile,
 So caught thou'lt be for thy deceit,
 And made the food for thine own bait.

Let this suffice to cause thee t'steer aright,
 Both day and night;
 That skilfully avoyding this,
 That Shelf thou misse;
 For 'tis not all for to repent
 Thy youthfull Dayes mispent,
 But care must now be had,
 The future be not bad.
 And as thine Audit waxeth near,
 So Thy accounts make perfecter.

In Quendam Glareosam.

*Quisquis Te docuit Præceptor, fecit & Idem
Littora Qui & sterilem bobus aravit Humum.*

Amoris Sigillum.



C-orpore Cor latitans nondum est manifeste notatum;
O-re, neque ingenio semper inesse queat:
N-empè quod eximium est pretioque notabile cernunt,
D-ifficiles aditus Cordis & alter opus.
I-nnocuos quæ corda viros, faciântve Fideles,
A-ssimilent animis Pectus & Ora suis.

English'd :

Mans heart Lockt up within his secret brest,
 Cannot by tongue or Gesture be exprest;
 For what's of so great worth, we must suppose,
 It is a work of power to disclose:
 Such hearts as make Men faithfull and upright,
 Are those at once both Looks and Mindes unite.

Genii Hujus Laris & Penatum salutatio ;

Ad Rivulum Stanliacum nuper in stagnum
hoc Mervordianum Ductum.

*O Dulce Flumen Vitreum,
Fundens Crystallum Liquidum
In Mare Hoc Domesticum,
Tu verum Nectar Piscium :*

*Mulces & Allicis dum curris
Somnos, Musicis susurris :
Nec evigilat Cadentis
Aqua vestra ut Torrentis.
Liceat Rhodano Loquaci
Strepitus, quoniam fugaci :
Domum Hanc Circundatam,
Munis & reddis Insulam ;
Sicut Orbem dat Rotundum
Thetis, Tu cingis hunc Mundum.*

*Afferat Hortorum Decus
Priapus, Pan donet Pecus :
Tu silvane mittas flores,
Cypria Hic conslet Amores,
Dearum seu Deorum Chorus,
Totus fiat Munificus,
Ut pro splendore laude Digno
Undecimo addaris signo :*

*Tunc Omni Numine propitio,
Frui detur sacrificio.*

Virtus vera Nobilitas.

WHat doth He get who ere prefers
 The Scutchions of His Ancesters?
 This Chimney-peice of Gold or Brass,
 That Coat of Armes Blazon'd in glass;
 When those with time and age have end,
 Thy Prowess must thy self commend.
 The smooty shadows of some one
 Or Others Trophees carv'd in stone,
 Defac'd, are things to whet, not try
 Thine own Heroicism by.
 For cast how much thy Merits score
 Falls short of those went thee before;
 By so much art thou in arrear,
 And stain'st Gentility I fear.
 True Nobleness doth those alone engage,
 Who can add Vertues to their Parentage.

Upon a Roe.

*I Ramite nil metuat recto Qui incedere vellet
 Capreolus; casus devia Rupis habent.*

Upon a Cock.

*Am mea Nocturnos Pellat vigilantia somnos,
 Nuntius Auroræ dummodo Gallus adest.*

*Upon King CHARLES return out of
Scotland in November, 1641.*

DOth CHARLES return to make our Climate shine,
And shall not every Spring run Claret-wine?
Is not the Kalendar reverſt, and where
Decembers dirt, and th' Frost of *Janiwere*,
Threatn'd a winter, now thoſe ſheets diſplay
Themſelves ore fruitfull *June*, or teeming *May* :
For thus as 'thin the Tropicks may we boaſt,
That two fair Seasons have twice bleſt our Coaſt
Ere one whole year ran round : The time He went
Seeming the Springs forerunner, or our Lent ;
For ſo He was but borrowed, and we reſt
Pleaſ'd with's return alone, who's intereſt
Sufficient of Himſelf, in which bank lies
The Treſure of His ſubjects hearts and eyes :
See how they Flock elſe, and with tumbling haſt
Are leſs content becauſe ſo ſoon He paſt.
Be ſatiſf'd, ye have your Prince again,
Fro'th' North, and CHARLES triumphant, not in Wain.

In quendam nomine Squier,
hau'd Generoſum.

*Armiger es neque Arma geris, non Martis at Artis,
Indutus Galea es Ingenioque vales.*

*Upon the King and Queens meeting
after long absence.*

THE welcome showers of *Aprils* morning dew
Distill'd upon the Bosom of the Earth
Beget a *May* ; whose Liverie anew
Cloaths Fields and Woods, and there creates such mirth
Amidst the winged Quier ; that Eccho tells
It ore again from Nature's Minstrells.

The Spicie Gumms that so perfume the East,
To bid the Sun good-morrow ; are not more
Esteem'd for that, than is the golden West,
But that of Treasures Both have hidden store,
Is manifest : no perils can deter
The forward hopes of the Adventurer.

No world, no season, spring, summer, nor fall
In Fruits, in Flowers, Treasures could e're present
Such sweet and wealthy Joyes Harmoniall
From Countrey, or from Element :
As when our Gracious King and his bright Queen,
Did after Twelve months parted interveen.

In Sim. & Lev. Pot. & Top.

*Natura His par est, Vicio nam non caret Alter,
Et virtute Carens Alter, uterque Opibus.*

Cordium Concordia vera.



It is not meant, that three in one should be,
 But in each heart triple Capacitie,
 Wherewith to serve ones God, ones King, ones Friend,
 To which assign'd, and for no other end;
 In Flaming Zeal upwards to mount again,
 In Loyalty to own a Sovereign,
 In mutuall Love society t'maintain.

To N. B. for his Company.

Friend, Can I be at home, and you the same,
 Yet neither meet?
 The Curteous Flame the Flame,
 And Streams each other greet,
 Although it seem from either Pole they came,
 Or farthest stretch'd
 Meridian fetch'd:

Surely.

Surely it is but some malignant Starr
 That would debarr
 This Influence, for fear
 We should more bright appear :
 Souls in Conjunction frame the perfect'st Sphere,
 So I to you must move, or you move here.

Ad Amicum, de Vita Beata.

*M*E qualem capiat Fudice Formulam,
 Vita Commodius Tempora solvere :
 Nec tantum tenui pareat Ilici,
 Quem frangant Aquilones ; neque vertici
 Pinus stellifera fiat ut arduo :
 Imis non Carcant Cælica Culmina,
 Dormitque Occiduis Lucifer, Alpibus.

Non est ut nihilo Laudéve Parvulo
 Speret maxima ; nam semper honoribus
 Tantis præfigitur Lubrica Scalula ; ~~que~~
 Ergo, nec cupiat Ditiore ut fiet
 Ponti Teutonici Littore : Fertileque
 Agro vivere Fagis celeberrimo
 Nondum nunc Placeat : Vineæ Ripula
 Secretis liceat sit nota passibus
 Mentem nec laceret, Pondera talibus
 Incumbunt Gravia : est Montis Acutuli
 Ditantem-Locum ut in subsidium petat.
 Alis Si-Lineis pervolet aquora ;
 Quisquam, Naufragium vix fuget ultimum :
 Et si in Remiget Omnibus Aminibus.

*Portus non Aditum hic invenit Ullibi;
 Nam Quot in Tonitru Hesperies Vomit,
 Dotes provideant Indica viscera;
 Dum Marsupia fert Alter Apostolus
 Simonis Filio nec fit Iniquior :*

*Cæptis væ nisi sit cautus Agellulus,
 Cum Parvo sonitu subrepat Inscia
 Frigilla, & Nemorum jurgia suscitet,
 Subrisum moveat Pullus Hirundinis,
 Necnon & Monachi cui Domus arbore.*

*Exit ter nobilis cedere Conjugis,
 Voto qui voluit sit licet improbum,
 In Vanumque habeat quidquid & impedit,
 Mentem quin sibi jam comparet integram
 Vivat nam facili, cumque parabili
 Re; nec Carleolis invidet Artibus.
 Sed Coco vacuus præparet Allia,*

Gustum sic patina in contrahat optimum :

*Nec desint Oleo Crurula Pulluli,
 Reprensa ex Pridianoque superstite,
 Adsit Bos Aridus, Lingulaque Hinnuli
 Suis Buccina, Ientacula optime
 Condit Rancida tunc Artocrea addita
 Bacca Cervisia est in pretio, asserat
 Promus Poculâque Alcimedontica :
 Sectari Leporem Climate Limpido,
 Dum suadet Catulis hora sagacibus,
 Cedant Temporibus dumque Caniculis
 Bruma sydera jam quæritet anxie :
 Damarum Domus, in Quæis tremebundula
 Terret Hospites & Silva Populeis.*

*Si quando libeat Limine proprio
 Versari Officiis, non Saliaribus*

*Iactet Famineis; Sed ut Equestribus
 Se exornet studiis, Ferra Ferocibus
 Dans Pullis; Sonipes Lorea despuat:
 Nunc volvens pedibus queis viduaverat
 Vulturinus Nemora, & nunc Folia, abditis
 In Musæolis & vertere Dactylo,
 Sic fitque ut valido Corpore gaudeat
 Solutus Medico Hic, atque Animo simul.*

In praise of Fidelia.

GEt thee a Ship well rigg'd and tight,
 With Ordnance store, and Man'd for fight,
 Snug in Her Timbers Mould for th' Seas,
 Yet large in Hould for Merchandies;
 Spread forth her Cloth, and Anchors waigh,
 And let Her on the Curld-waves play,
 Till Fortune-tow'd, she chance to meet
 Th' Hesperian home-bound Western Fleet;
 Then let Her board-um, and for Price
 Take Gold-ore, Sugar-canes, and Spice.
 Yet when all these Sh'hath brought a shore,
 In my *Fidelia* I'll finde more.

*Two Turtles billing, and death with his Sute
 over them, ready to make separation; To whom this
 Divide & Impera.*

NAture hath ore Affection so much won,
 To knit a knot never to be undon
 Whilst life remains; but Death to shew his power
 Cuts and Divides, so becomes Emperour:
 Yet the Relict for to prevent Fates charmes,
 Doth voluntary fleck into Deaths armes.

To Sir John VVentworth, upon his *Curiosities*
and Courteous entertainment at Summerly
in LOVINGLAND.

WHEN thou the choice of Natures wealth hast skan'd,
And brought it to compare with *Lovingland*;
Know, that thou maist as well make wonder less,
By fancying of two Timbering Phoenixes
At the same time : and dream two Suns to rise
At once, to cast fire 'midst those Spiceries :
(Pregnant She is) yet that must not deny
The purest Gold to come from *Barbary* ,
Diamonds and Pearl from th' *Indies* , to confer
On every Clime some thing peculiar ,
(For so She hath:) And like a sum to all
That Curious is, seems here most liberall,
Affording in Epitome at least,
What ere the world can boast of, or call best.
Now as contracted vertue doth excell
In power and force, This seems a Miracle ;
Wherein all Travailers may truly say,
They never saw so much in little way :
And thence conclude their folly, that did steer
To seek for that abroad, at home was neer
In more perfection : Wouldst thou *Phæbe* meet,
Apollo, or the *Muses* ? not in *Creet*
And *Greece*, but Here, at *Summerly*, those are
Remov'd to dwell, under a Patrons care,
Who can as much Civility express,
As *Candie* lies, or *Grecia* Barbarousness :
Wouldst thou be sheltred under *Daphnes* groves,
Or choose to live in *Tempe*, or make loves

To any place where Shepherds 'wont to lie
 Upon the Hills, Piping security
 Unto their flocks? here the sweet Park contains
 More evenness than the *Arcadian* Plains :
 Nor yet enchanted by those shadowed rings,
 Some say the Fairies print with Revellings,
 But's all in one dye clad, and doth appear
 Like the Springs Favourite throughout the year.
 The usefull Ash, and sturdy Oak are set
 At distance; and obey; the Brambles meet
 Embracing twine int' Arbours, to conceal
 And harbour such as stock this Common-weal;
 Untill their Master please they should delight
 His, or his Friends desire and appetite :
 All tales of Satyrs banish'd are from hence,
 And fabled Goblins that delude the sence ;
 'Tis reall Ven'son and abroad, in paste
 Alike may satisfie both eye and taste.
 The Nobler Plants, as Firre Deal, and the Pine
 Weeping out Rozen, bleeding Turpentine ;
 Like the Life-guard, upon the Hall attend
 At nearer distance ; where the Gods descend
 To keep their Courts, and either Globe's devis'd,
 To grasp the Elements Epitomis'd.
 The Sun-beams steady Fire, with the Aire
 Of the inconstant winds Indiall'd are :
 So whilst the one, the Houre doth infer;
 The Other Points a rule for th'Mariner:
 Earth here's Embroydered into Walks, some strait,
 Others like Serpents are, or worms to bait
 Occasions hook till every humor come,
 And feed here fat as in Elysium.

Nor is there water wanting in this wood ,
 Clear as if running, Calm as if it stood ,
 And so contriv'd by Natures helper Art,
 There's no appearance from the whole or part,
 That any sullen Sluce to malice bent
 Can open, to impair that Element;
 Nor yet th' Ambition of a Springs ore-flow,
 Cause it t' exceed, or Limits overthrow.

Thus like a gold Chain link'd, or Bracelet strung,
 From Carkanet Pleasures on Pleasures hung ,
 And such delightfull objects did descry
 Pursuing of each other, that the ey
 Astonish'd at such wonder, did crave rest,
 For fear of Forfeiting its interest
 In so great blifs, for over-dazled t'grew,
 And dim of sight made by each object new.

So there's a parley granted, and some space
 To gather strength 'twix This and t'other place,
 But very short, not half a Mile at most,
 We landed were again, and made a Coast ;
 Where if all ancient Poets were to write,
 They'd need no other fountain to indite
 Story of all kindes with, but dip their pen,
 Then swear the Muses more then nine, were ten ;
 For here dwelt one whose Magick could infuse
 A fluency beyond all other Muse ,
 And Court the Soil, with so much Art applide,
 That all the world seems Barbarous beside.

Here Fish and Fowl inhabit with such state,
 As Lords and Ladies wont when serv'd in Plate,
 Rich Arras, or the like, Bill, Breed, and swim
 In all delightfull solace to the brim.

Decoy'd by so much rapture, on we pass
 Unto a Castle that enchanted was
 By th'magick spell of Musick; till there set
 We found a Cod like to *Euterpe's* net,
 To catch all Passengers, the *Lesbian* Lute,
 O'rcome in harmony became there mute :
 Whilst as for Table to the Song-books serv'd
 The Crystall fountain : so have I observ'd,
 When walking near a stream, the heavens to be
 Beneath my feet, to ease *Astronomie* :
 There tell the *Gammuth* of the Stars, and crack
 Of all their motions even with *Tychobrack*.

The Fblers of old, I guess, might finde
 Some Objects t'help invention, but the minde
 Was sure Prophetick, for what ever is
 Describ'd for rare by them, 'twas meant by this.
 And yet this falls short too, when He to whom
 The Cost and Care Owes tribute, 's there to sum
 Up All, with such humanity, and press
 Of crowded Favours, and heap'd Curtesies,
 As Friendship were a Jeweller the while,
 His welcome seem'd the Diamond, Those the foile.

Ad Amicum ægrotantem.

*Omnes Te invisum veniunt Ægrote, valebas,
 Nec fuerat Comitis spes tibi, solus eras :
 Haud te etenim invideo, tanti nam non valet hospes,
 Quem mihi det morbus, sed bene Solus ero.*

*Upon King CHARLES's meeting with the
Dukes of YORK and GLOUCESTER, and the
Lady ELIZABETH, his three children at
Maidenhead, the 15 of July, 1647.*

After a drowth, like welcome rain,
To Bless the Grass and Flowers again,
Lick up those dusty heats destroy
Their Brisker hude, Virginitie:
No less of Comfort and of sweets!
Proves it now Charles his Children meets;
When an intestine Warlike force,
Had caus'd so many years divorce.

He prays for them; their tender eyes
Return'd Him duty sacrifice:
Untill each others breast appears
Affection all dissolv'd to Tears,
Which to the High-mark-point flown on,
Stand ready brim'd for passion.

But here all Humors that annoy
Are banish'd, and give place to Joy;
Yet such as doth prevaile oft times,
To make a tear no mark of Crimes.

All streams come from, and return to the Sea.

*Queris aquas sitiens? nescis quod Flumina Cuncta
In Mare se rapiunt, nec satur? ah sitias.*

Nox Diem sequitur, & Post
Tenebras Lux.

*Non sine nocte Dies, Tenebra nec luce carentes,
Sed Comitem sequitur Alteruterque suam.*

To Prince CHARLES.

SO doth the early Plumb, the Pear, the Cherry
Commit a Rape, and make nice Females merry,
When longing-ripe; as Your return will bless
The Brittish Islands with new cheerfulness:
Be pleas'd no longer therefore, SIR, to tarry,
Lest a whole Gleeke of Kingdomes should miscarry;
But You that are the Blossom of all hope,
Dispell the Mists from off this Horiscope;
And in the stead of Jelousie and feares,
Let there be harmony throughout Your Spheres.
There needs no other Midwifery to these,
(As wish'd for truth, and now desired peace)
But Your fair Hand to bring the same to pass,
And place Your Royall Father where he was.
This be Your Noble issue, whilst all those
Abortive prove, that so seem'd to oppose;
And while they'd bring to birth, and yet want strength,
Teach them to know themselves and You at length.

In readventum meum ad Antiquos Lares.

*Tempora sic renovant verno sub sidere Terras,
 Sylva & frondiferis sic reparata Comis,
 Post tenebras sic grata Dies: sic Fluminis unda
 Gaudens Oceanum reperiisse suum:
 Ut Meus Antiquos iterum spectare Penates,
 Exultans Animus quod liquisse suos.*

English'd:

The Spring thus doth the Earth repair,
 The Wood thus puts on Leavie hair
 Of more acceptance, so's a Spark
 Of Light after it had been dark:
 The Rivers thus express desire,
 Hast'ning to finde their proper Sire;
 As all this My return implies
 To My Old Household Deities.

Navis in Tempestate.

*Fortuna & ventis agitur Loca certa tenere,
 Nescia fit Dominis paret ut Illa suis.*

The Fallacy of hopes or wishes.

*All present good goes less: by Hopes we deem
 Things Great; as Lights farr distant greater seem.*

My Farewell to the Court.

GOe (fond Deluder of our senses) finde
 Some other Objects Henceforth, to make blinde
 With that thy glittering folly; for no more
 I will be dazled with thy falser Ore;
 Nor shall thy Syren-songs enchant, to tast
 Or smell, or touch those Sorceries thou hast;
 But I will strive first in my self to be
 So much mine own, as not to flatter thee;
 And then my Countreys, for whose welfare still
 My native thoughts prompt to impress my will,
 And that draws Action forth, whereby to show
 To whom, and what, and when, and where I owe:
 Not as this nod, or beck, or wink, or glance
 Would dictate and imply, to follow chance,
 Fortune, or Favours ever-turning wheel;
 But to be firm and Constant, back'd with steel
 And resolution for to give the True
 God what is his, and Cæsar Tribute due,
 And that in season too for time and place,
 As th'one requires, and th'other affords grace:
 Not such as onely from vain Titles springs,
 And turns to bubble, to court Prince or Kings,
 With feign'd applauses of whate're they speak
 Or doe, be't ne're so frothy, fond, or weak;
 But what is clad in truth, and dares not lie,
 Though all the world should turn its Enemy,
 Brand it for want of breeding, and conclude
 Because it not dissembles, therefore t's rude.
 Those dancing dayes are done, nor longer sure
 My disposition to the Harp or Lute,

Horn-pipe, or other Instruments have been
The Common-wealths disease, ore-sivolvn its spleen.

Fockie and *Finnie* footing may appear

Most trim at the next Wake in *Darby-shire*;

Gotyer sail from the Clouds to catch our ears,

And represent the harmony o'th' Spheres;

Will. Laufe excell the dying swan; *Laneer*

Nick it with Ravishments from touch of *Lyre*;

Yet uncontroul'd by These, I safely may

Survive; sithence not stung by th' *Tarantula*,

(That tickling beast, Ambition, that makes sport

In our hot Climate, call'd the verge of Court)

And so resolve, dressing my mindes content,

Henceforward to be calm, and represent

Nothing but what my Birth and Calling draw

My life out for, my God, my King, my Law.

And when for these my wearied breath is spent,

Let with my last bloods drop one sigh be sent.

How to ride out a Storm.

HE onely happy is, and wise,
Can Cunn his Barque when Tempests rise,

Know how to lay the Helm and steer;

Lie on a Tack Port and Laveer,

Sometimes to weather, then to Lee,

As waves give way, and winds agree;

Nor Boom at all in such a stress,

But by degrees Loom Les and Les;

Ride out a Storm with no more loss

Than the endurance of a Toss:

For though he cannot well bear saile

In such a fresh and powerfull Gale,

Yet when there is no other shift,
 Thinks't not amiss to ride a drift;
 To shut down Ports, and Tyers to Hale in,
 To Seal the hatch up with Tarpalin;
 To Ply the Pump, and no means slack,
 May clear Her Bilge, and keep from wrack;
 To take in Cloth, and in a word,
 Unlade, and cut the Mast by bord:
 So Spoon before the Wind and Seas,
 Where though she'll Roule, she'll goe at ease;
 And not so strain'd, as if laid under
 The wave that Threatens sudden founder;
 And whilst the fury and the rage,
 Leaves little hopes for Anchorage;
 Yet if She can but make a Coast
 In any time, She'll not be lost,
 But in affections Bay will finde
 A Harbour suited to her minde:

Where Casting out at first the Kedg,
 Which gives Her ground, and priviledg
 Of stop, she secondly lets fall
 That Anchor from the Stream men call;
 The Others all a Cock-bell set,
 One after other down are let
 Into the Sea; till at the last
 She's come to Moorage, and there fast,
 In hopes to be new Shethd's inclin'd
 To lie aside untill Carin'd;
 That when She shall be paid again,
 So Grav'd, She may endure the Main.
 Thus when his Vessell hath out-gon
 This and that rugged motion,

His

His Pole-starr's fix'd, and guides him there
 Where CHARLES is not in vain but sphere;
 Then He'll another Voyage try,
 Laden with Faith and Loyalty;
 Which He no sooner parts with, than
 Dry ground becomes an Ocean.

In Incurfionem Gustavicam, vel introitum
 in Germaniam.

*Q*uem¹ Domus Austriaca ab Patriis secluserat Oris,
 Hunc² Gustave suum ad jam remeare facis:
 Nempè Palatinum Cælesti numine tutum
 Fecit, & est Populi Dux Deus Ipse sui:
 Vidit, & attonitas aperit Franconia³ portas,
 Hispanos refugos, Casareôsque ferunt.
 Dura per immites salierunt mœnia flammæ,
 Scævitiâ pingens Militis⁷ Arva jacet.
 Albis clara suis lymphis mutata, colore
 Et quasi Rubescens sanguinolenta fluit.
 Vnde fit? aut quorsum mutatio tanta? requiris
 Cur fugis à Portis Walstane dire tuis?
 Quæ¹⁰ fugiendi animum Fernande occasio reddit,
 Quis Tibi dat vulnus? quis metus ora tenet?
 Quid latitas Claustreis tactis fœliciter annis
 Castra regens? vivens cur Monumenta petis?
 Vltor adest Dominus, Gentem victâmq; reponit
 Victricem, Populum restituitque suum,
 Saxoniâsque vires tandem laxavit in usum,
 Et Suecus¹³ largo¹⁴ flumine cuncta tulit.

¹ Bohemiæ rex seu Palatinus.
² Rex Suetiæ.
³ Pro omni in Palatinatus Civitate.
⁴ Ex Opnam.
⁵ Wirtsburg.
⁶ Magdeburg.
⁷ Gods acre prælum Lip.
⁸ The Elve fl German.
⁹ Palatinus Prague.
¹⁰ Imperator... fugam paratus ut fama.
¹¹ Tillius in Monasterium subreptus ut fama sed mendax.
¹² Saxoniz dux qui se neutralem huc usque referre vasset.
¹³ Hoc ita dictum à multitudine militum.
¹⁴ Hoc vero à puritate causæ ad suscipiendum hoc Bellum maxime moventis, vis. ut Aquila juga à Principibus Populoque Germanico tollatur & ut eis pristina restarentur Libertates: Almania quasi Tota & quæ

bus Populoque Germanico tollatur & ut eis pristina restarentur Libertates: Almania quasi Tota & quæ
 Hycinia sylva cincta Sibi subdita.

Roses & Lys unys.

*Quid Ganymedeas formas canis & Iovis Ignes,
 Reddit enim Cacos Ipse Cupido Deos:
 Quidve Helenam numeras? nempe est perfectio Forma
 Unica, cum fuerint Lilia nupta Rosis.*

Mart. l. 7.
 Ep. 38.

Upon Celius.

WHilst *Celius* can no longer hear
 The Newes-transporting Babbler;
 Nor yet endure a Morning spent
 In entertaining Complement
 From This or That Great person: He
 Feigneth a Gouty Infirmitie;
 And better falshood to disguise,
 His sounder feet with swathes he ties,
 And seems to goe in pain as far,
 As art can prove a Crippeler:
 Till She to Nature turns at last,
 And so in earnest *Celius's* fast.

Mart. l. 10.
 Ep. 47.

A happy Life.

THat which Creates a happy life;
 Is substance left, not gain'd by strife,
 A fertile and a Thankfull mold;
 A Chimney alwayes free from Cold;
 Never to be the Client, nor
 But seldome times the Counsellor.

A Minde content with what is fit,
 Whose strength doth most consist in Wit ;
 A Body nothing prone to be
 Sick, a Prudent Simplicitie ;
 Such Friends as of ones own rank are ;
 Homely fare, not sought from farre ;
 The table without Arts help spread ;
 A night in Wine not buried,
 Yet drowning Cares ; a Bed that's blest
 With true Joy, Chastity, and rest ;
 Such short sweet Slumber as may give
 Less time to die in't, more to live :
 Thine own Estate whate're commend,
 And wish not for, nor fear thine end.

In Magis. Vilet.

*Anni Hæc prima Dies Veris sic prima videtur,
 Quâ simul & Violam vidimus & Glaciem.*

To Quintianus.

Mart. l. 5.
 Ep. 18.

THat in *December* when gifts fly
 From this to that Friend mutually,
 I nought but Books send, thou'lt Judg thus,
 Perhaps I'm Avaricious ;
 No, know I hate those fond deceits,
 And Crafts in gifts are like to baits
 On hooks, whereon a Fly doth cheat
 The greedier Fish when it would eat.
 And whilst a Poor man sendeth not at all
 Unto's rich friends, He seems more Liberall.

In quendam Militem panem in
dorsum portantem.

*V*entrem ut Hic oneret, non tergam onerare recusat,
Ventrem Onerat tergam quæ exonerare suam.

Ad Scoto-Britannum cui Carolus
noster se subtraxit.

*Q*uod fugit ad Scotos Rex, quid mirabile Scotus,
Mutuo nempe Anglis dum datur ille suis
Redditus est igitur: sic cum modo debita solvant
Cuncti iterum, Regem fac revenire Tuum.

English'd:

What wonder is't, the King to'th Scots is fled,
When by the English He was Borrowed,
So now's restor'd: that all their debts pay thus,
I'd wish our Brethren send Him back to us.

Naturæ defectus.

Pastor Fido. *S*I Peccare grave est placidum simul, integra non est
Natura, exitium quæ cupit Ipsa suum:
Lex vel dura nimis, quæ cum natura videtur
Offensa, & Vincit se opposuisse suis.

In Mortem sui Thesei, J. D. sororem
ducturi, Anno 1623.

*N*omine si hoc unquam mors (Invidiosa) meretur,
Tempora sint Lachrymis digna vel ulla meis,
Ecce adsunt : Hymen ipse Tedas cum accendere jussit,
Accenditque suam Mors gemibunda facem.
Inque Elegos vertit Nuptialia Carmina, risus
In Gemitus ; vestes nunc Color unus habet :
Amaracique fugat flores invisâ Cupressus,
Atque suis Ramis Tempora Cincta tenet.
Dumque Mea jam partem animæ rapit, altera resto
Mancus, & ingrata est quæ mihi vita manet.

In Obitum Nobilissimi Principis Mauricii
Hassiae Landgravii, Anno 1633.

*G*ustavum doleant Alii, doleantve secessum
Heu Frederice tuum ; nec Careant Lachrymis,
Fontibus ex binis gemini manare dolores,
Nam duplex Cordi Causa gementis erat :
Nunc ni Triformi huic maneat pars altera telis,
Impercussa suis Mors inopina redit :
Tertius & Princeps semper deplendus ab omni,
Parte perit Patriæ Lausque decusque suæ :
Virtutes Alii quibus est facundia narrent,
Suppressa Hec tanto pondere Musa silet.

An Epitaph on E. W.

NAture lent time, so He grew old
 And prodigall at once in this,
 Setting it all at stake 'gainst gold,
 Whereof He made his greatest blis:
 But when She saw He took of All
 Men interest, yet paid Her none,
 She Calls for in the Principall,
 And layes it up under this Stone,

Defessus est ambulando.

On a Player.

T Hou that so oft in jest was wont to die,
 Art now tane at thy word, and here dost lie:
 Thine Acts had many Scenes, Death's had but one,
 His *Entry* was thine *Exit*, bad be gone;
 Thou act'st a King no more, no that's laid by,
 Nor any's Parasite in flattery;
 Thou hast put off the Clowns fops now, nor art
 Wrapt with the fury of a Lovers part;
 But suit'st thy self in one, wherein all must
 Thy fellow-Actors be, to sleep in Dust.

In Obitum Ben. Johnf. Poetæ eximii.

HE who began from Brick and Lime
 The Muses Hill to climbe ;
 And whilom busied in laying Ston,
 Thirsted to drink of *Helicon* ;
 Changing His Trowell for a Pen,
 Wrote straight the Temper not of Dirt but Men,

Now sithence that He is turn'd to Clay, and gon,
 Let Those remain of th'occupation
 He honor'd once, square Him a Tomb may say
 His Craft exceeded farr a Dawbers way.
 Then write upon't, He could no longer tarry,
 But was return'd again unto the Quarry.

Of an Old Man.

HAppy is He who on his own fields stage,
 And no where else, hath acted ore his Age ;
 He, whom his own house, (had it eyes and tongue)
 Might say it sees Him old, and saw him young,
 Now trusting to a staff, he treads those sands
 He formerly had crept on with his hands :
 So reckons up the long descent and (dotage
 Through decays) of that his homely Cottage,
 He ne'r was drawn with fortunes Train to haste,
 Nor did He flatter Forain springs with taste ;
 He was no Merchant-man might fear the Straits,
 Nor Souldier fancying Military baits ;

He never Pleaded, neither strife nor force,
 Of brabbling Law-suits ever made him hoarse :
 But (as incapable of business) free,
 Cannot resolve what the next town should be,
 Yet doth enjoy a prospect (may controule
 All others) of the free Aire, and Pole.

Nor casts He up the year by Consuls now,
 But as the Fruit-trees to their seasons bow ;
 By Apples Autumn, Spring by Flowers befalls him;
 One field hides *Phæbus*-face, the same recalls him :
 And thus This Countrey-swains observing way
 Measures within his Orb the Course of Day.
 He did remember yon great Oak, when 't stood
 But for a sapling, so's grown old with's wood :
 And judging that same Ile (with less wits blest
 More Barbarism) to be th' Indies East :
 He doth conclude the Red-sea to beneer,
 Beholding *Stanground*, *Farcet*, and the *Meer* :
 And yet through strength unconquer'd he may gather
 Comfort, the third Age sees him Grandfather.
 Let others wander to the farth'st of *Spain*,
 The way is onely Theirs, but life His gain.

De Tristibus.

To a Cat bore me company in Confinement.

A Ssociate to my Tears, whose nature tride
 Makes thee a fit Companion for my side,
 Who Captive sit under Confinements wing.
 For Being too active to act suffering,

So become Passive too : Scratch but thine ear,
 Then boldly tell what weather's drawing near.
 For I'll conclude, no storm of Fortune can
 Prevail ore *Cæsar's* baique, an honest Man.

Sola Bella che piace.

'TIs but a folly to be nice,
 Since liking sets on Beauty price,
 And what we doe affect alone,
 Becomes to Each His Paragon :
 All Colour, Shape, or Form, we know
 Improve to best to those think so,
 For where Esteem its Anchor wets,
 There grows true Pearl, no Counterfets.
 Were She as Crooked as a Pin,
 And yet could Love, it were no sin
 To love again; for Writers tell,
 That love hath in't the Loadstons spell :
 Were She proportion'd like the Sphere,
 No Limb or Joint Irregular;
 Yet to my fancy if she Jarr,
 I shall not fail by such a Starr:
 Did She out-vie the new-born Day,
 Or th'richest Treasuries of May
 So that what Skies or Flowers put on,
 Give place to her Complexion,
 I'll sooner deem a black Wench white,
 Thats suiting to my Appetite.
 Well, in conclusion, hath She Fair,
 Or Brown, or Black, or Golden hair
 Where one is *Cupid* struck, *Venus* is there.

*Magnes amor-
 vis amor.*

To Retiredness.

NExt unto GOD, to whom I owe
 What e're I here enjoy below,
 I must indebted stand to Thee,
 Great Patron of my Libertie;
 For in the Cluster of affaires,
 Whence there are dealing severall shares:
 As in a Trick Thou hast convey'd
 Into my hand what can be said;
 Whilst He who doth himself possess,
 Makes all things pass him seem farr less.

Riches and Honors that appear
 Rewards to the Adventurer,
 On Either tide of Court or Seas,
 Are not attain'd nor held with ease;
 But as unconstancy bears sway,
 Quickly will fleet and Ebb away:
 And oft when Fortune those Confers,
 She gives them but for Torturers:
 When with a Minde Ambition-free,
 These, and much more come home to Me.

Here I can sit, and sitting under
 Some portions of His works of wonder,
 Whose all are such, observe by reason,
 Why every Plant obeys its season;
 How the Sap rises, and the Fall,
 Wherein They shake off Leafs and all;
 Then how again They bud and spring,
 Are laden for an Offering:
 Which whilst my Contemplation sees,
 I am taught Thankfulness from trees.

Then

Then turning over Natures leaf,
 I mark the Glory of the Sheaf,
 For every Field's a severall page,
 Disciphering the Golden Age:
 So that without a Miners pains,
 Or *Indie's* reach, here plenty raigns;
 Which watred from above, implies,
 That our acknowledgments should rise
 To Him, that thus creates a birth
 Of Mercies for us out of Earth:

Here, is no other Case in Law,
 But what the Sun-burnt Hat of Straw,
 With crooked Sickle reaps and bindes-
 Up into Sheaves to help the hindes;
 Whose arguing alon's in this,
 Which Cop lies well, and which amifs,
 How the Hock-Cart with all its gear
 Should be trick'd up, and what good chear,
Bacon with *Cook's* reports exprefs,
 And how to make the Tenth goe less.

There, are no other Warrs, or Strife's--
 Encouragers, shrill Trumpets, Fyfes,
 Or horrid Drumms; but what Excels
 All Musick, Nature's Minstrels
 Piping and Chirping, as they sit
 Embowr'd in branches, dance to it:
 And if at all Those doe contest,
 It is in this, but, which sings best:
 And when they have contended long,
 I [though unseen] must judg the Song.

Thus out of fears, or noise of Warr,
 Crowds, and the clamourings at Barr;
 The Merchant's dread, th'unconstant tides,
 With all Vexation besides;
 I hugg my Quiet, and alone
 Take thee for my Companion,
 And deem in doing so, I've all
 I can True Conversation call:
 For so my Thoughts by this retreat
 Grow stronger, like contracted heat.

Whether on Natures Book I muse,
 Or else some other writes on't, use
 To spend the time in, every line,
 Is not excentrick but Divine:
 And though all others downward tend,
 These look to heaven, and ascend
 From whence they came; where pointed he,
 They ravish into Myserie,
 To see the footsteps here are trod
 Of mercy by a Gracious God.

*Nunquam
 minus felus.*

To my Book.

G Oe, and my Blessing with Thee; then remain
 Secure, with such as kindly entertain:
 If sent to any Others, tell them this,
 The Author so takes but his Mark amiss:
 Who's fearless of reproach from Criticks skill,
 Seing, t'look a given horse ith' mouth sounds ill:
 And what alone to Friends he would impart,
 Hath not at all to doe with Fair or Mart.
 Wherefore whoever shall peruse these Rimes,
 Must know, they were beguilers of spare times.

coll. by Rich. G. Pratt. 4 pages
but the 2nd & 3rd pp.

Dr. Bliss in a letter, dated March 23/39, to Wm. Greenwell,
found at the copy in the Greenwell Library, says
that "Hartman's Catalogue of privately printed books contains
3 copies of 'St. Augustine's Sermons' (St. Augustine, S. in Latin and
Engl. D. Pratt); 2. one in Emmanuel Coll. Church; 3.
in Quaker's Collection; (the one in Emmanuel Lib.
was not to be found at Hartman's office); to these
may be added: 4. a copy at the 'Cape' (the
bookstore); 5. one in Jones's collection; 6. one
from which Dr. Bliss made his collection; 7. a
copy in Wake Lib. at St. Charles; this latter having
folding leaf at p. 70. Last 2 or 3 original pages in
the notes hand —

The Will. G. Pratt, copy wanted the 4th & 5th, after
p. 66, & the folding leaves at pp. 70 and 80. (Pratt
wanted the same — the volume wanted to be printed
*) — Jones's was imperfect — the above is the
substance of Dr. Bliss's letter —

This copy has all that Dr. Bliss says is wanting
in all the others, except his own; and if the missing pages
cannot copy be set perfectly, he is then the only perfect
copy known —

The Greenwell copy wanted the 1st & 2nd after p. 80
& the folding leaf at p. 70





